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Two Boys Almost Instantly Killed One Hunting; Other Shooting Mark

Joshua Daugherty, 17 Years Old,
Fatally Shot at Pine Glen.

11 Years Old Carl Malone Shot
by Target Rifle at Millheim.

SHOT PIERCED HIS FACE

DIED TWO HOURS LATER

Gun in Hands of Ernest Mulholland, Who
Slipped as He Was About to Shoot
at Bird—Daugherty's Brother Wit-
nessed Accident.

Jay Weingardner Accidentally Caused
Death of Child—Bullet Entered Boy's
Head Above Left Ear—Son of Fred
Malone, of Coburn.

While hunting for rabbits and pheasants nearby Pine Glen on Monday afternoon, 17-years old Joshua Daugherty was accidentally shot by a companion, Ernest Mulholland, also about 17 years old. A heavy load of shot tore a gaping wound through Daugherty's head, entering at the right eye and passing on the back of the head. Daugherty fell to the ground unconscious. He was removed to his home, where he died about two hours later. A brother of Daugherty was an eye-witness to the sad accident. The unfortunate young man was a son of A. V. Daugherty, of Pine Glen. The young man who was innocently responsible for the former's death is a son of David Mulholland, who lives nearby Karthaus. He is heartbroken over the fact that he should have caused the death of one who was an intimate friend and chum.

Young Daugherty's two sisters, Misses Ella and Jennie, are school teachers and were in attendance upon the opening day's sessions of Institute in Bellefonte when a telephone message telling of the accident was received by Prothonotary David R. Foreman. The message explained that both sisters should return home as quickly as possible. They departed at once for home, their brother passing away, however, before they could reach his bedside.

The hunting trip which was to have such a sad ending was organized on the spur of the moment. Young Daugherty's father had suggested that he go out and do some plowing during the afternoon. About 1 o'clock young Mulholland happened along, carrying a gun. He said he was going to hunt for a little while and suggested that Daugherty go along. Daugherty was anxious to go but his father reminded him that he wanted him to do some plowing. Finally the father consented, but with the understanding that the boys should not remain away longer than one hour. Mulholland, Joshua Daugherty and the latter's brother, George, aged about 22 years, shouldered guns and started into the woods, directly opposite the Daugherty home.

The three young men had been gone but a half hour or so and had only traveled about one quarter of a mile when the accident happened. Joshua Daugherty and Mulholland were walking together and were but a few feet apart. George Daugherty was perhaps several hundred yards distant. Suddenly a bird rose almost directly in front of Mulholland. He quickly raised his gun to fire. Joshua Daugherty stopped in his tracks to see the shot fired. As Mulholland raised his gun he stepped forward. He happened to step into a small hole, lost his balance and dropped onto one knee. His finger was on the trigger as he slipped and the jar resulting from the fall discharged the gun. The full force of the shot plowed into Daugherty's face and he dropped to the ground. His brother ran forward and with Mulholland tried to rouse Daugherty, who was unconscious. Realizing that he was in a critical condition they carried him home and Dr. R. J. Young, of Snow Shoe, was summoned. Young Daugherty, however, was beyond all medical aid and after lingering for about two hours he died without having regained consciousness.

Mulholland, almost frenzied by remorse, frankly described how the accident had happened. While those conversant with the facts realized that the shooting was accidental and that just such a tragedy might happen any day, Mulholland was overcome with grief. No inquest was held owing to the fact that Daugherty was not killed instantly but died after being removed to his home.

To Hold Autumn Bazaar.

The ladies of the Pine Grove Mills Lutheran church will hold an Autumn Bazaar in the I. O. O. F. hall, at Pine Grove Mills, on Friday and Saturday evenings, November 15 and 16. An oyster supper will be served on Friday evening, while on Saturday evening the menu will include both oysters and chicken. All are cordially invited to attend. The proceeds will be devoted to the church.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year.

A peculiarly sad accident is reported from Millheim, where Carl Malone, not quite 11 years old, was accidentally shot and almost instantly killed by a playmate, Jay Weingardner, aged about 16 years. Young Malone was a son of Frederick Malone, of Coburn. A bullet from a 22 calibre target rifle entered his head above the left ear. He died about two hours later.

The accident happened on Saturday while Malone, Weingardner and several other boys were engaged in shooting mark at the Lewis Weingardner home in Millheim. There are numerous and conflicting reports as to just how Malone was shot. The version generally accepted is that he thoughtlessly ran in front of Weingardner just as the latter fired at the target. All reports agree that the shooting was entirely accidental.

Funeral services for the unfortunate boy were held on Wednesday morning. His exact age was 10 years, 10 months and 15 days. He was especially bright and was popular with his playmates in his home community. Jay Weingardner, who unintentionally fired the fatal shot, is a son of Mrs. Frederick Hosterman. He has been making his home with his uncle, Lewis Weingardner.

INSPECT R. R. ROUTE

Pennsy. Officials View Right of Way
From Scotia to State College.

Speculation as to the likelihood of the Pennsylvania Railroad extending its line from Scotia to State College was revived last week by a two-days inspection of the right-of-way by high officials of the company. The result of their visit, or what may be in contemplation, was, of course, not disclosed. The first visit to the right-of-way was made on Wednesday last week, the officials traveling from Tyrone to Scotia in a private car. At Scotia they left their car and walked over a part of the ground. They returned the following day for a second inspection. The visit naturally gave rise to all manner of rumors. One was that the company may extend the line through to State College along a route to touch upon the site of the new State prison. The rumors are merely rumors and are given for just what they may be worth.

\$10 FOR CONSCIENCE

Centre Countians Says He Paid No Tax
On \$2500 Bonds.

Somewhere in Centre County there is a man who owns \$2500 worth of bonds whose conscience troubled him because he had paid no tax on the securities. To ease his conscience and set his mind at rest, he last week sent \$10 to the State Treasury at Harrisburg. His identity was not revealed in the letter enclosing the money. Telling of the incident, the Harrisburg "Telegraph" last Friday said:

"A \$10 bill pinned to a sheet of note paper reached the State Treasury today from a Centre county post office in which a man signing himself 'Owner' stated that he wanted the money put into the 'conscience fund.' The writer set forth that he owned \$2500 of bonds on which no tax was paid in this State."

Young Hunter Killed.

Harry Price, 35 years old, was shot and instantly killed by Fred Yeager, a neighbor, last Saturday afternoon, while hunting near Lewistown. Price was making his way through a gully when Yeager shot at a rabbit which was going down the bank. The rabbit was missed but the bullet struck Price in the heart. Neither man knew of the other's presence until Yeager heard the stricken man's scream of agony.

The body was carried to the Price home, where the wife found it on the porch when she returned from a shopping expedition. The coroner decided that the shooting was accidental.

Yeager is prostrated over the sad affair. The dead man was a son of the late Crist Price, former chief of police of Lewistown.

Read "The Republican" one dollar a year in advance

START LINGLE FOUNDRY PLAN OF NEW MANAGERS

R. T. White, George Bary and
Henry Johnson Lease Plant.

MAKE REPAIRS AT ONCE

Will Devote Plant to Making Semi-Steel
Castings and Jenkins Power Hammers
—Expect to be in Operation in Next
Few Weeks.

After a long period of idleness the old Lingle foundry and machine shop is to be put into operation. Agreements covering a two-years lease on the plant and looking to the purchase of the property at the expiration of that time were signed yesterday by the McCoy-Linn estate and R. T. White, the latter of Philadelphia. Associated with Mr. White are George Bary, of Philadelphia, and Henry Johnson, of Oil City. They are the three gentlemen who last month visited Bellefonte with a view to starting work at the plant. The negotiations at that time fell through, but recently were resumed and yesterday consummated. It is Mr. White's expectation that he and his associates will have the plant in operation in the next few weeks. They expect to start in next week making necessary repairs.

Just how many men will be given employment at the start cannot definitely be determined at this time. The management expects, of course, that the number of employees will be increased as the business grows.

The plant will be devoted to a general foundry business, manufacturing some specialties and also the well known Jenkins power hammers, many of which are in use in factories and mills throughout the country. The castings will also include various articles manufactured by a semi-steel process patented by Mr. Johnson. He comes from Sheffield, England, and is a practical steel manufacturer. For some time past he has resided at Oil City. Mr. White and Mr. Bary have in the past been identified with the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. They are aggressive young business men and with Mr. Johnson are entirely confident of the success of their enterprise. The news that the plant would be started and employment provided for a number of men was especially pleasing to the people of Bellefonte.

PATTON 3144 IN DISTRICT

Congressman Easily Led Gleason in All
Four Counties.

The official tabulation of the vote in the Twenty-first congressional district, made at Clearfield on Tuesday, shows Congressman Charles E. Patton to have been re-elected by 3144 plurality over his Democratic opponent, James Gleason. Mr. Patton easily carried every county in the district, which is comprised of Centre, Clearfield, McKean and Cameron. The vote for Patton and Gleason, by counties, follows:

	Patton	Gleason
Centre	3704	3240
Clearfield	5406	4648
McKean	3864	2396
Cameron	758	304
Total	13732	10588
Patton plurality,		3144

The Republican vote polled for Patton was as follows: Clearfield, 1831; Cameron, 403; Centre, 1697; McKean, 1570. His Keystone vote in these four counties was: Clearfield, 185; Cameron, 10; Centre, 118; McKean, 130. His Washington party vote was: Clearfield, 3390; Cameron, 345; Centre, 1889; McKean, 2164. The Patton total vote for these three parties follows: Republican, 5501; Keystone, 443; Washington, 7788.

George Fox, Socialist party candidate for Congress in this district, polled 2041 votes in the four counties. This was divided as follows: Clearfield, 1322; Cameron, 27; Centre, 223; McKean, 469. The total vote for W. H. Watt, Prohibition candidate in the district, was 956, divided as follows: Clearfield, 477; Cameron, 21; Centre, 159; McKean; 299.

Grange Quarterly Meeting.

The fourth quarterly meeting of Centre County Pomona Grange will be held in Grange Hall, November 21, at 9 A. M. All fourth degree members are cordially urged to attend.

D. M. CAMPBELL,
Secretary.

Deer Season Tomorrow.

The opening season for deer begins tomorrow, Nov. 15, and continues to December 1.

OFFICIAL COUNT MAKES GRAMLEY'S PLURALITY 154

Few Changes Revealed in Re-
turns from Recent Election.

DEMOCRATIC MINORITY

County Gives Average Plurality of 450
for Republican Candidates—Combined
Taft-Roosevelt Vote Exceeds that for
Wilson by 664.

PRESIDENT.	
Taft	1507
Wilson	3445
Roosevelt	2612
Chaslin	132
Debs	227
Wilson plurality,	833
Comb. Rep. vote, 4119.	
Analysis Roosevelt vote: Bull Moose,	
183; Roosevelt Progressive; 291; Wash-	
ington, 2138. Total, 2612.	

STATE TREASURER.	
Young	3801
Berry	3397
Young plurality	404
Analysis Young vote: Republican,	
1513; Bull Moose, 142; Roosevelt Pro-	
gressive, 289; Washington, 1857. Total,	
3801. Berry vote: Democratic, 3343;	
Keystone, 54. Total, 3397.	

AUDITOR GENERAL.	
Powell	3822
Cresswell	3347
Powell plurality,	475
Analysis Powell vote: Republican,	
1546; Bull Moose, 119; Roosevelt Pro-	
gressive, 290; Washington, 1867. Total,	
3822. Cresswell vote, Democratic, 3314;	
Keystone, 33. Total, 3347.	

CONGRESS-AT-LARGE	
Morin	3784
Lewis	3765
Walters	3770
Rapley	3567
Shaw	3312
Howley	3295
3/4 Lean	3281

CONGRESS, 21ST DIST.	
Patton	3704
Gleason	3240
Patton plurality,	464
Analysis Patton vote: Republican,	
1697; Keystone, 118; Washington, 1889.	
Total, 3704.	

ASSEMBLY.	
Gramley	3559
Foster	3405
Gramley plurality,	154
Analysis Gramley vote: Republican,	
1707; Washington, 1852. Total, 3559.	

The official count of the vote cast in Centre County at the election on November 5th revealed only minor changes as compared with the unofficial returns. There is a slight change in the Gramley-Foster vote, the former being shown elected by 154 plurality instead of 171, the latter being based on the unofficial figures. The Patton-Gleason totals were also changed somewhat, Patton increasing his plurality from 348, unofficial, to 464, official.

The official vote emphasizes the point that the combined Republican vote in the county ranged anywhere from 154 to 664 ahead of that cast for opposing Democratic candidates. Whereas Wilson had 833 plurality over Roosevelt, the combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt exceeded that for Wilson by 664. Possibly getting nearer to the normal division in the Republican and Democratic vote is the plurality for Young, Republican, for State Treasurer, who had a combined Republican and Roosevelt vote of 3801, while his opponent, Mr. Berry, on the Democratic and Keystone tickets, had 3397. Young had a plurality of 404. His running-mate, Powell, for Auditor General, led Cresswell, Democratic, by 475. There was no particular attention paid to the contests for State Treasurer and Auditor General, nor to those for the four candidates for Congress-at-Large. Examination of the vote shows, however, that the average pluralities for the Republican candidates for those offices were approximately the same as Patton's plurality over Gleason for Congress in this district, or 464. It is, of course, difficult to arrive at any accurate calculation as to the exact Republican and Democratic strength owing to the generally accepted fact that some Democrats voted for either Taft or Roosevelt in preference to Wilson and that on the other hand some Republicans were opposed to Taft, either because of reciprocity or dissatisfaction with the Chicago convention, and at the same time were opposed to Roosevelt because of the third term idea. It is a fair assumption that a part

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County Teachers in Session School Directors Also Meet

Program of Events Both Entertain-
ing and Instructive.

Compulsory Attendance Discussed
as Serious Problem.

ATTENDANCE OVER 300

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED

But Few Teachers Absent and These
Detained at Home by Illness—Visit-
ing Instructors Present Timely Topics
for Discussion.

Oscar E. Miles, of Milesburg, President
of Association—M. S. McDowell, Ret-
iring President, Representative, to
State Convention.

One might travel the world over and fail to find a more inspiring scene than that presented this week in the Court House—the presence of 300 or more young ladies and gentlemen in whose hands rests the education of thousands of Centre County children. The assemblage comprises the teaching force of the Centre County public schools, the occasion being the sessions of the sixty-sixth annual Teachers' Institute. Contributing to the significance of the week for the advancement of education is the twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Centre County School Directors' Association.

Little time was lost in getting the first session of Institute under way on Monday afternoon. During the morning hours the teachers arrived from all sections of the county. Their appearance bore testimony to the high standard of the teaching force in the county, while the large attendance emphasized their deep interest in further qualifying themselves for their important work. With County Superintendent David O. Eiters presiding, the initial session of Institute was called to order at 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon. Devotional services were conducted by Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church. Superintendent Eiters warmly welcomed the teachers and in the course of his remarks referred to the recent election of a well known educator to the highest office in the gift of the people of the United States. He concluded with the announcement that the hours for convening the morning and afternoon sessions would be 9 and 2 o'clock, respectively.

The first speaker introduced to the teachers was Superintendent S. R. Shear, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His remarks were presented in an especially happy vein. "Don't worry" was the keynote. Worry, he pointed out, comes as a greater burden than work and does much less good. Seven words, he added, represented the general qualifications for the successful teacher. These were: Be scholarly, studious, suited, self-sacrificing; good health, be sensible, be sympathetic. The last three subjects were not disposed of him until his second talk to the teachers, which was on Tuesday afternoon. Discussing the importance of good health he made the statement that it was poor policy for the teacher to keep the pupil in school after regular hours. The regular school period is sufficient, added Mr. Shear, for both teacher and child.

The Tuesday morning session was opened with devotional services conducted by Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt, pastor of the Bellefonte Reformed church. B. H. Bottenhorn, chairman of the Committee on Professional Reading, presented the report of that committee recommending the following books for the current year:

1. Strayer's Brief Course in The Teaching Process. Examination January 1, by R. U. Wasson
2. The Essentials of Teaching Reading. Examination February 1, by F. M. Fletcher.
3. Civil Government, Schwinn and Stevenson. Examination March 1, by E. A. Moyer.

County Superintendent I. N. McCloskey, of Clinton County, spoke a word or two to the teachers, highly recommending Dr. John M. Driver, scheduled for the Wednesday evening lecture. Superintendent Shear then addressed the Institute, especially inviting the teachers to come to him in reference to their work at any time during the week. Resuming his happy vein of the preceding day, Mr. Shear urged all teachers to be "bright in dark weather." The child reflects the teacher, he added by way of emphasizing value of being bright and cheerful. His main subject was "English," pointing out the vital need of being able to read, write, speak and remember the mother tongue.

Dr. Byron W. King, of Pittsburgh, a favorite with Centre County teachers, finished the morning session with an interesting little talk on pronunciation and enunciation. The teacher, he said, should be his own master. Good reading, he stated, depends to a great de-

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Compulsory attendance of children at school and the difficulties encountered in handling this problem constituted a topic for a most interesting discussion at the Twenty-sixth annual meeting of the Centre County School Directors' Association, which opened yesterday in the New High School Building and which will be concluded today. The large attendance of directors reflected the deep interest taken by them in the welfare of the public schools. Following up a suggestion by M. S. McDowell, of State College, president of the association, that the best way to get the most out of the meeting would be by taking part in the proceedings, quite a few directors engaged in a wholesome discussion of the several subjects presented.

The new school code provides that truant officers shall be employed in school districts of the first and second class, but that such officers may be engaged in districts of the third and fourth class. All Centre County schools come under the fourth class, and hence the problem of how to meet individual cases where children do not attend school. It is true that the parents may be arrested, but school directors naturally prefer that such drastic measures be not employed. Charles F. Cook, of the Bellefonte school board, expressed the belief that a school should be established for incorrigible children. It was his idea that some such course is necessary to meet the situation.

The morning session was opened with devotional services conducted by Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt. The remarks of President McDowell, while brief, were timely and to the point. County Superintendent Eiters addressed the meeting and then Dr. F. Portney submitted a report of the last convention of the State Directors' Association. In the afternoon Prof. Thomas I. Mairs, of State College, discussed rural school problems. Prof. C. D. Koch, State High School Inspector, gave a talk which was filled with suggestions for the general improvement of High school work. Dr. H. F. Bitner, of Centre Hall, led the discussion of compulsory attendance.

At today's session, which was opened with devotional services conducted by Rev. C. W. Winey, there were a number of especially interesting addresses.

H. D. Rumberger, of Philipsburg; Dr. H. F. Bitner, of Centre Hall; W. H. Austin, of Blanchard; D. W. Miller, of Ferguson township, and A. C. Ripka, of Potter township, were appointed a committee to recommend officers for the association for the coming year. They recommended the following: Oscar E. Miles, Milesburg, president; H. E. Meyer, of Rebersburg, and Thomas I. Mairs, of State College, vice presidents; Charles F. Cook, secretary; A. C. Mingle, Bellefonte, treasurer; M. S. McDowell, representative to State Directors' Association convention; W. W. Kerstetter, Spring township, auditor.

REUNION OF 45TH

Survivors to Meet at Williamsport,
Thursday, Nov. 21.

The survivors of the 45th Penna. Veteran Volunteer Infantry will hold a reunion at Williamsport on Thursday of next week, November 21st. Many Centre County members of the regiment are arranging to attend. Following a business session there will be a "camp fire" in the Court House. The visitors will be guests of Comrade Emery for supper at the Emery House. The program for the reunion calls for an oration by Emerson Collins, of Williamsport, and songs by Squire W. H. Musser, of Bellefonte, and others.

The Centre Countians who will attend the reunion will wear red ribbon badges giving the name of the regiment and this report of where the members happened to be on November 21, from 1861 to 1865: Nov. 21, 1865, at Fortress Monroe, Va. Nov. 21, 1862, in Winter quarters opposite Fredericksburg, Va. Nov. 21, 1863, on skirmish line, Knoxville, Tenn. Nov. 21, 1864, in rifle pits in front of Petersburg, Va. Nov. 21, 1865, HOME with our best girl.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

Sis Rabbit and the Antis.

The following "Sis Rabbit" story by Gertrude White Carrick was incorporated in a recent article by Miss Julia C. Gray, of State College, in her discussion of "News and Views of Women." Lack of space prevented publication of the second "Sis Rabbit" story at that time and we accordingly saved it for this issue.

"Uncle Remus" said the little boy, seating himself beside the old colored man, "I told mother how Sis Rabbit got into politics by giving the men nice things to eat at their meetings. I thought, perhaps, she might do that too, but she said, 'Nonsense; that's no way to gain suffrage.' Now, Uncle Remus, are you sure that Sis Rabbit had no more trouble than that?"

"No mo' trouble, you say? Why, sonny, I never finished dat dar story 'bout Sis Rabbit gittin' de vote. Course, she had troubles, ples an' ples on 'em, but de troublest was de carryin' on ob de little she-critters wot didn't want to vote.

"It want long after de meetin' dat de Suffridgers had to un'lect Brer Wolf, who de men 'lected head boss, dat de critters held anudder meetin', a rig'lar convention dis time, down by de sho' ob de stream, to 'scuss havin' a platform, so de little critters needn't git cold feet from de wet. De Suffridgers were all dar workin' away on de 'frishmint, squashin' humins, stirrin' batter, lickin' dishes, all de time listenin' an' watchin' an managin'. De min was quarrelin' over dat scan'lous meetin' an' cussing each other ob votin' for Brer Wolf. You cud a-heard 'em a mile off, talkin' so political-like an' gran'.

"You did so; I heerd yer! 'I didn't; you is a liar! 'I'll bust your insides open! 'I'll squash your nose in! an' so on, till de Suffridgers would call out, sweeter 'n lasses, 'Where's de platform?' 'Ain't youse got no platform yet? De meetin' was goin' on dis a-way, whin up comes a diligence of all de wimmint-critters, wot don't want to vote; leastwise, not at de polls, whar it shows. Dey wants to boss on de sly. By wheedlin' an' flatterin' an' luv'in' dey gits all dey wants from de min. Dey is called Antis, dose wimmint is, an' sonny, dey is you niver marry one on 'em, cos dey is too cute fur you, dey is. Why, I've heerd tell dat day can't a man to vote der way, an' dey don't pay him nuthin' fur it, nudder.

"De Antis came mincin' along, all de squirrels holdin' up der tails, so ladylike, an' de big she-critters lookin' so shy an' so needin' of help. When dey reached de meetin' dey flopped on der knees an' wring der paws an' hollers:

"You gran', noble, min critters, please us from dese yer fool wimmint wot 'ats to boss us. P'tect us, like you allus done! You is de bestest fighters, so you natchally knows what we wants better'n we do ourselves. We is only little mammys, an' can't fight jes claw an' bite, an' scratch, mean an' sneak'n like. You is our lords, and we pray."

"Humph! sez Sis Rabbit, sez she, 'dis der ain't no prayer-meetin'. Dis yer is a business meetin', an' I move dat we continue de business,' sez she, sez she.

Den Miss Weasel, she's de speaker-ma'am ob de Antis, sez she, sez she, 'We b'lieves de mammys oughter stay to home an' mind der babies, else dey won't git none, no mo'."

"Stay home an' keep your mouf shet,' sez Sis Chipmunk, winkin' at de Suffridgers.

"An' we b'lieve dat der min has mo' room fur thinkers dan de wimmint wot git de babies."

"She sholly ain't got no room fur thinkers, sez Sis Rabbit, sez she.

"You min is de greates', de wisest, de bestest--"

"De greates', de wisest, de bestest! sez all de Antis to onced, so loud an' b'ustiferous dat de min couldn't stan' de 'sturbance no longer. Dey likes de nicey talk, all de same, an' dey grows bigger by de minute, listenin' to it. Col. Toad gits so big dat bof Brer Terrapin an' Brer Mole has to pry him outen. His seat wid his big stick 'fore he can move to 'jern de meetin' to de nder side ob de stream. He fixes his glasses an' he sez, sez he:

"We must go whar we can git rid of dese yer screechin' an' quarrelin' females wot is takin' up our 'portant time. Whin dey sittle der dis disputant an' all 'grees to want de game ballot, we'll give it to 'em," an' he smiled an' showed all his tools.

"Why, Uncle Remus," broke in the little boy, "toads don't have teeth!"

To be shore, to be shore--wail, he smiled cos he knowed how generous he was givin' de wimmint de ballot whin dey all asked for it. Jis you take pattern by dat, sonny, an whin you have to give in te your ma, you up an' say, noble-like, 'Seeing as you is bigger'n me an' has a slipper in your hand, I'll give you wot yer wants."

"So de min critters hopped 'cross de stream on de steppin' stones an' continued de meetin' peaceable-like fightin' by derselves. De disappointed Suffridgers couldn't folla cos it was time to go home an' feed der chilluns dat was comin' home from Miss Meadow's school. Der little chilluns' stummicks ain't goin' to be hurt by havin' de empty sides rubbin' togedder jis fur de old political meetin'. You know, yerself, honey, dat yer ma wouldn't let you go hungry now, no more'n she would 'fore she was a Suffridger. So de little she-critters wot 'ome, de Antis, gigglin' happy an' de

suffridgers sassin' mad. De maddest ob de hull lot was de beavers. Ivery las' one ob dem is a suffridger, min an' wimmint cos dey is socialists and socialists is allus Suffridgers. Whin dey reached der dam dey was too mad to whack an' flap wid der tails, 'stid dey had a 'dignant meetin' an' hollered an' intupertied till de air was red.

"Aint our motto 'One fur many, an many fur one?' Den wot does min mean leavin' us wimmint ob der politics? No politics, nor work! Dis yer dam business, we'll tell de min, is no fit business fur unswearin' ladies an' we'll strike an' lurn 'em a lesson." So dey 'greeted not to work, yit dey knowed all de time dat de dam had a weak spot wot oughter be whacked an' flapped 'fore de spring freshets come. Dey sot down an' watched der dam, its schin' fur to whack an' flap, but der mad wouldn't let 'em. Bimeby, sure nuff, de water gins to rise, den it goes a little over de top, den more, an' den wid a crash an' a bang de dam breaks in de weak spot an' de roarin' water tumbles an' crashes thro de woods whar de critters have der homes. Sis Hawk is de first to screech de 'larm--

"Ruu fur to git yer lives! De ocean am a comin'!" Sis Owl wakes up and hollers "Who! who! who am a comin'?" Such a screechin' an' a hollerin' you niver did hear. Ivery mammy grabbed her baby an' run dis way an' dat way, helter-skelter, till Sis Rabbit tuk de management. She come out ob her house wid all her little Rabs in a line, biggest first, down to de littlest, all keepin' step an' marchin' 'cordin' to der mammy's orders. "Stan' still!" she sez an' she turns roun' an' calls to de nderers. "You stan' still, too! Now, if you mind me an' do jis as I say, you'll all be saved. Der is a sure-nuff hurricane comin', she sez, sez she, an' looks at de clouds, 'an' we'll all be drown-dead if we don't git to de nder side ob dis yer stream whar dat hill is an' whar our beloved min folkses is. De only way to git across, seein' dat de steppin' stones ain't no mo', is to built raft. Den she turns to de Antis an' she sez, sez she, "Why don't you pray to yer lords to save youse? Holler to yer min an see how many swims 'cross. Call to 'em to p'tect yer, go on! She turns to the Suffridgers an she sez, sez she, "Now, girls, we'll git to work on our raft while de Antis prays. You, squirrels, you use yer toofoes to gnaw dese yer saplin' an you, Ma'am Bowder, take dis yer hammer an an' show der rabs, de ground-hogs an de coons an de nderers how to ham, blim-blam. But stop fore we gin dis yer raft, we must put on our husbands' best Sunday-go-to-meetin pants, den we can hop roun mighty handy an git de raft finished in no time."

"Shame on you," yelled de Antis an dey yelled mo whin de Suffridgers come back struttin in an swaggin in pants. "You bold she-he's, dey sneered. "Ef we must do min's work, we must use min's methods," explained Sis Rabbit. "It ain't decent. Wot will de min say? Ladies allus wears skirts. "Skirts is to make laps fur babies, an dey don't want no laps now, dey wants no laps now, dey wants laigs. Hand me dat der hammer, Rabby.

De Suffridgers was a whackin an a hackin an a bindin an a tryin an de Antis was a cryin an a pleadin an a coxin de min. You cud hear em yellin; "Protect us! Come an git us. We aint stealin yer raft-buildin business. We aint wearin pants. Wes waitin to be saved!

"Sis Rabbit she stopped workin an listened to em an said: "De'y aint comin. You'd better shet up now an help build dis yer raft. Its took you all dis time to larn dat mins chibairy aint waterproof. You know wot chibairy is, dont you, sonny? Its comp ny manners for gran 'casions like shipwrecks. Mammy-love, now, is different, dats jis plain, ivery day, common an natchul so nobody thinks much on it.

De Antis answer Sis Rabbit, "No, we aint goin to run no chance of de min seein us makin a old raft an wearin ugly pants. We is ladies, we is. Bimeby de raft is all finished an de Suffridgers piles on der chilluns an jumps on derselves an gin to shove off. Den de Antis gin to cry:

"Ver sint dat mean dat vound leave us to drown, is yer? Sis Rabbit, she sez, sez she, shovin an shovin, same as de nderers. "You dont want no fool wimmint to protect yez. "Save us! Save us! an de Antis kneels an wrings der paws. "Yer ladies you is, an twondit do, nohow, fer ladies to be sociated wid pants, an Sis Rabbit she shoves harder an harder, same as de nderers. "Yer pants is alright, reel becomin honest. Please take us fore de hurricane comes. Please, kind Suffridgers! "Wal, you see, sez Sis Rabbit, thinkin-like, 'dis yer raft am a Suffridger raft an it only takes Suffridgers."

"We is Suffridgers! squealed de Antis, hoppin on board in leaps an bounds not one teeny bit skamed ob der bad antics. Dats de name ob de relesness ob Antis, 'anties, an it cludes de callin names to de Suffridgers, talkin nicey to de min, an playin ladies so dey dont have to work.

When dey reached de nder shore, all de min, proud an happy, was der ready to help em land, but fore dey landed, Sis Rabbit wink to herself, she did and called out:

"Gemmenn, we settled our dispute-ment an we greed to cross dis yer stream an git dar ballot wot you promised.

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WINTERING BEEF CATTLE

Interesting Tests at State College Agricultural Station.

"Wintering beef breeding cattle" is the subject of an interesting and timely article in a recent Bulletin issued by The Pennsylvania State College Agricultural Experiment Station. The Bulletin is classed as No. 118. Two subjects are embraced in the report of tests at the experiment station. One is "Silage of Stems" The other is "Wintering Beef Breeding Cattle." The latter article, in part, follows:

"Selection of rations on which beef cattle may be successfully maintained during the winter at a comparatively low cost is one of the most important problems before live stock producers. In the past, the feeders of beef cattle have depended upon shipping cattle from western markets for finishing on eastern grown feeds, as two-year-old steers could be purchased for less than the cost of producing them locally. The large ranges of the west are being divided into smaller farms and their supply of cattle is diminishing while the demand is continually increasing. The result of this will be the production of feeding cattle on lands that are especially adapted to the business, capable of producing in abundance, well supplied with water and shade and of such topography or distance from markets that they cannot profitably be utilized for the continuous production of cereal crops.

"There are large areas in almost every section of Pennsylvania, which, although too steep to plow, are especially adapted to the growth of pasture grasses and in every way favorable to the production of beef. In many of the counties where timber has been cut off, the hillsides might as well be producing grass as brush and weeds. The problem after the pastures have been established is to grow sufficient amount of roughage to carry cattle through winter at a minimum of expense. The demand for hay has increased so rapidly during the past few years that many farmers would sell it rather than feed it to cattle, were it not for the fact that they realize the necessity of keeping roughage on the farm in order to maintain the fertility of the soil.

"This experiment was undertaken to find some feed that would produce a larger amount of food nutrients per acre than hay, equally as well adapted to the feeding of breeding cattle, supplemented with a minimum amount of concentrated feeds which would furnish the digestible nutrients not provided by the farm-grown crop. Corn silage was selected as most nearly meeting these conditions. It is adaptable to a wider range of soil conditions than any other crop except grass, it produces a large amount of food nutrients per acre, is palatable, and can be stored at less expense for buildings than any other forage crop. In addition to these advantages, there is no other form in which the corn crop will be entirely consumed by livestock, thus it increases in value by being placed in the silo. Cottoensed meal was used as a supplement because of the fact that protein, in which corn silage is quite deficient, could be secured in this form cheaper than from any other source and because of the large percentage of protein that could be fed in very small quantities, thus reducing the expense for transportation and labor in feeding. Previous investigation has also shown that the laxative tendency caused by heavy feeding of succulent feeds is materially reduced by the addition of cottoensed meal to the rations.

"Ten pure-bred Shorthorn cows were purchased in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, and ten pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus cows were selected from the College herds to be used in the test. The Shorthorns were in very thin flesh, having been kept entirely on grass during the summer and fall of 1911. On account of the deficiency in rainfall, pastures were extremely short, hence the cattle had lost flesh during the grazing season. They had produced calves the preceding year, but were not bred at the time of purchase. The Angus cows had raised calves during the summer and were rebred to produce another crop during the winter and spring. Because of the better fall pasture in the central part of the state, they were in much higher condition at the beginning of the test. Each group of ten cows was allowed to run loose under an open shed used for steer feeding purposes, adjoining which was an open lot. The floor space in each shed, exclusive of that occupied by mangers and feeding alley, was 420 square feet. The area of the open lot was 780 square feet. The cattle were confined in these lots from the beginning of the experiment on December 1, 1911, until the close, April 19, 1912, a period of 140 days. While the housing and shelter were ample, as shown by results secured, a greater area in the open lot would be desirable.

"The corn silage was removed from the silo twice daily and fed to the cows directly after weighing, in such quantities that there would be none left in the mangers one hour after feeding. Cottoensed meal was fed once daily at the rate of one pound to each cow. This was distributed over the entire amount of silage in order that the amount consumed would be determined by the amount of silage. One lot of cows was bedded with sawdust, the other with straw. Bedding was distributed at such

intervals as the condition of sheds and lots justified.

The Shorthorn cows did not consume quite as much silage during the first two weeks as did the Angus, due to the fact that they had never been fed from the silo previously, while the Angus cows had received silage in their ration the preceding winter. After the first six weeks, however, both lots were fed at the rate of 60 pounds per head daily, which proved to be ample for satisfying their appetites. This amount was fed to the Shorthorn cows throughout the remainder of the winter, with less than 1% waste. During the latter part of February, however, the Angus cows refused to eat the full allowance, although they were increasing in weight and some of them were suckling calves. This result confirms that of preceding tests at this station with steers fed largely on roughage, when thin they will make very rapid gains, but as they improve in condition, their consumption of feed decreases, finally reaching a point where the appetite for roughage is only sufficient for maintenance. It is probable that a decrease in food consumption would also have been noted in the Shorthorn lot if the test had been continued through a longer period of time. At the close of the test, both lots of cows were turned on pasture without grain and had made slight gains after two months of grazing, at which time this report was written.

As beef cattle are maintained largely for the purpose of producing manure to be used in increasing the yield of crops, a record of the amount of bedding and manure produced in the Shorthorn lot was secured. During the 140 day feeding period, 9,851 pounds of straw were used in bedding the ten cows, and from this lot 88,405 pounds of manure were removed. It would require, under these conditions, the straw from approximately one acre of small grain to bed each individual and this would result in the production of 8,840 pounds of manure. A larger amount of straw could have been utilized to advantage where cows were closely confined as in this test, though under farm conditions where the cows were permitted to run in pasture during suitable weather, the required amount of bedding could be materially reduced.

The data presented in the summary is based upon prevailing local prices of feeds throughout the state during the winter of 1911-12. Corn silage is valued at \$3.50 per ton, which is equivalent to 70c per bushel for corn, thus allowing a very material profit in its production before charging it as feed. It required four tons of silage to winter each cow, which is equivalent to one-half of an acre when corn yields 40 bushels per acre or one-third of an acre when the land will produce a 60 bushel corn crop. The weather conditions during the progress of the test were the most severe of any recorded at the local weather bureau, the temperature frequently falling below zero and at times as low as 23 degrees below. The results were thus secured under the most unfavorable rather than favorable circumstances and should be easily duplicated in the future. As the cows have not lost in weight on pasture without grain from the 10th of April to the 20th of June, it is reasonable to suppose that they will maintain their weight throughout the summer where ample range is provided to insure an abundance of grass throughout the season. With pasture of \$1.00 per head per month, the total cost of maintenance throughout the year will be \$15.22 per head, or with pasture at \$2.00 per head it will amount \$22.22, either of which estimates allow ample profit from the growing of crops and a reasonable rate of interest on land kept in permanent pasture. Only a few of the cows have produced calves during the progress of the experiment. The oldest of these weighed 220 pounds when six months of age, which, at prevailing beef prices, would allow a profit of from \$10 to \$15 on the cost of keeping the cow. This system of farming will permit a uniform distribution of labor throughout the year, a maximum profit in the production of crops, the maintenance of soil fertility at a minimum expense and the utilization of all rough and broken land capable of producing grass. It will also solve the problem of securing feeding cattle at less cost than they can be purchased on the central markets of the country, eliminate loss in transit and insure a better bred lot of cattle in those sections of the state where the system is followed. The state of Pennsylvania is especially adapted to the production of grass and silage, which are the two crops considered in this experiment. The local demand for beef is greater than in any other section of the country, which should insure profitable production of beef within its borders through a long series of years.

Read "The Republican." \$1 a year in advance.

MAINE TREES BARRED

Dare Not be Shipped to Cities This Year for Use as Christmas Trees.

Visitors to the large cities during the holiday season in years gone by have been interested in the wonderful displays of Christmas trees, thousands upon thousands being offered to sale in the public squares. Persons living in cities know nothing about the fun of going out into the woods and cutting down "your own tree." For two weeks or more before Christmas great train loads of Christmas trees are shipped to the cities, where they retail at anywhere from \$50 to \$5.00, each. In the past these trees have come from Maine. This year it will be different. Coniferous trees, such as spruce, fir, hemlock, pine, juniper and arbor vitae, or in other words "Christmas trees," cannot be shipped from New England States after November 25 next on account of a quarantine declared several days ago by the Department of Agriculture. Christmas trees and greens from nearly all New England will be barred because of the prevalence there of the gypsy moth and the brown tail moth, the first being indicted officially by the Department of Agriculture under their scientific names *Porthesia dispar* and *Epiproctis chrysorrhoea*.

For many years the shipping of Christmas trees, shrubs, etc., from certain New England States has been a profitable industry, but according to the investigators of the Department of Agriculture it has been shown that the gypsy moth and the brown tail moth have been incubated in New England and disseminated by Christmas trees and similar decorative plants, such as holly, laurel and by logs, tanbark, posts, poles, railroad ties, cord wood and lumber and field grown florists' stock.

Under an act of Congress passed just before adjournment of the last session the Secretary of Agriculture was authorized to make quarantine regulations in connection with plant diseases, and the quarantine just promulgated is based on this law.

Under the regulations issued none of the trees or products of the trees named can be moved in interstate commerce until after inspection by the representatives of the Agricultural Department, which means that New York and other States west of the New England States will have to get their Christmas trees and shrubbery from other than New England points.

Indorses Minimum Salaries.

The State Board of Education has given its unanimous approval and cordial endorsement to proposed legislation to make effective the provisions of the school code relative to the minimum salary act and for assistant county superintendents. The board also arranged for work in behalf of the extension of vocational and industrial training, which is generally provided for in the code. These subjects were covered in surveys made for the board and a comprehensive report on the situation in the State and the opportunities was presented.

Professor M. G. Brumbaugh, chairman of the committee on education, made a report relative to the investigation of the relative values of the different branches in the course of study. This has been in charge of a special committee and the report is expected to throw considerable light on the question of elimination that ought to be made from present courses in order to meet the practical demands of the times.

William Lauder, chairman of the committee on accounts, proposed an investigation of the audits of the school districts of Pennsylvania and suggested a simplified method of bookkeeping to enable districts to keep accurate accounts.

Read "The Republican." \$1 a year.

KILLED A BEAR

Thrilling Adventure Reported From Snow Shoe Region.

A thrilling story of the killing of a large bear comes from the mountains near Snow Shoe, Centre county, where the Brushy Hollow Hunting club have their camp. Fred J. Vogt and Clarence Havens, townsmen and members of this club, were the heroes in the slaughter, says the Tyrone Herald. The boys started out last Wednesday morning for a hunt, when only a short distance from the camp and at a point called Beartown, so called on account of its being situated in a dense thicket with huge stones and caverns, making it an ideal spot for a bear's den, they ran across bruin.

Wounded by a shot from a rifle in the hands of Vogt the enraged animal charged the two nimrods. After giving Fred a cuff that sent the little fellow rolling out of harm's way the bear next turned his attention to Havens who was trying to make a get-away up the smooth side of a giant boulder, attacking him, tearing his clothing to shreds. Attracted by the cries of his fellow hunters, and led us add that from reports we are let to believe they both displayed an excellent pair of lungs on this particular occasion, Claude Lucas, another of the party who happened in the vicinity at the time, come to their rescue and finished the bear.

With the aid of a few brush to cover his nakedness and resembling Friday in the fabled Crusoe, "Buckle" was enabled to get back to camp, although he admits it was pretty much a (bare) bear hunt. The writer on interviewing "Snitz" found him with a flowing bandana covering a badly lacerated ear, not much the worse for his experience but firm in the belief that Jack Johnson hasn't anything on that bear when it comes to a punch. The bear will tip the scales in the neighborhood of fifty pounds.

Lengthening Train Schedules.

For some time the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Pennsylvania Company have been considering the advisability of lengthening the running time of some of their fast trains during the winter months, as this season imposes many obstructions to operation which do not obtain in the summer. On November 24th, the Pennsylvania Railroad System will discontinue the operation of its eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago. On the same date a twenty-hour service between these two cities will be inaugurated, the new train to be called the "Broadway Limited." It will leave New York at 2:45 P. M., and arrive in Chicago at 9:45 A. M. Eastbound, it will leave Chicago at 12:40 P. M., and arrive in New York at 9:30 A. M.

There will be no change in the schedule of the "Twenty-Four Hour St. Louis" and the "Twenty-Four Hour New Yorker," the fastest trains operated between New York and St. Louis. The "Manhattan Limited," the "Chicago Limited" and the "Pennsylvania Limited" will, under the new schedule, have the same running time as at present.

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The Case Book of a Private Detective

True Narratives of Interesting Cases by a Former
Operative of the William J. Burns Detective Agency

By DAVID CORNELL

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MY FIRST CASE

"Getting" the Man Who Hung a Jury

Up to the day that the manager of the New York office of the Burns Detective Agency handed me an order for \$50 expense money and started me up the Hudson river on my first man-hunt, I had never done anything in my life that might have been suspected of even remotely resembling detective work. I probably knew as little about the business as anybody in the country, and I had never had any yearning or intention to become a detective. But I was 36 years old, out of work, almost broke—in New York!—had a family to support and, most important of all, I happened to have met the celebrated detective who is the head of the agency by which I came to be employed, the largest reputable private detective agency in the country. That was why I became, and am, a private detective.

One morning I found myself at 422 street and Broadway, looking at the newspaper bulletins and wondering how long my money would last and where in the world I should turn for a job. One of the bulletins read:

"Detective Burns Nabs More Bribers."

That bulletin did the trick. "He may remember me," I thought, "and he may know of a job to fit me." I went straight down town to the office of the agency of which the big man is the head and asked if he was in.

"What do you want of him?" asked the office manager.

I was desperate. I said: "I know him, and I want a job."

He looked me over, went into an inner office for a while, and reappeared, bearing an application blank. The office, and everything in it, was just as it would be in an up-to-date business office. The business of the place might as well have been selling insurance as hunting criminals. The application blank had all the conventional questions of such a paper, and in addition these:

"Were you ever connected with any police force, or any detective agency? Are you acquainted with any police officials, or any one employed by detective agencies?"

"Were you ever employed by any railroad?"

"Do you know anything about the newspaper business?"

"Have you a large number of acquaintances, and can you keep your occupation from your friends and acquaintances?"

"Fill that out," said the office manager. He had not even asked me if I wanted to become a detective, and but for the last questions on the blank I would not have known that he was considering me as an applicant for such a position.

"I've never done any detective work in my life," I said.

"Good," he said. "If you had, we wouldn't have you. Fill out the blank."

When it was filled out he took it and disappeared again. He was back in three minutes.

"All right," he said, sitting down at his desk and picking up some papers. "There's a man up in Peeksville (a small town on the Hudson river near New York), who hung the jury in a damage suit. Want you to go up and get him. Here's the dope."

He began to read from the papers in his hand. The gist of it was that one Kellner, a New York contractor, had done \$100,000 worth of work on the water supply system of the town of Peeksville. When the time came for him to render his bill he had been approached by one of the town's political powers, Bruley by name, and commissioner of public works, who let it be known that if he would make out a bill for \$130,000, it would be allowed in full without protest or question, and that \$5,000 of the \$30,000 overcharge would go to him as a reward for placing certain officials in the way of fingering \$25,000 of the people's money.

Kellner had refused. When he rendered his rightful bill for \$100,000 the powers in the city hall calmly cut it to \$85,000, claiming that portions of the work were poorly done; that parts of the contract had been awarded illegally, but in reality merely getting even with Kellner for refusing to assist them to some easy graft.

Kellner promptly sued. He had a case so strong, and public opinion was so strongly aroused over the exposed scandal, that recovery of his \$15,000 seemed a foregone conclusion. But the would-be grafters had managed to place the nigger in the woodpile in the shape of one of their clan on the jury. Eleven of the jurymen on the first ballot had voted for a full judgment for Kellner. The twelfth man had voted "no" on that ballot, and on the second, and the third, and on every ballot for the next twenty-four hours. He had hung the jury, and the case was a mistrial. The man's name was Harry Donlin, a real estate agent.

"That's the man you've got to get," said the office manager. "He did the trick, and he's been spending money ever since. We've got to have a full

confession from him that we can use as evidence, and it's got to be in writing and sworn to, or told in the hearing of at least two people: who gave him the bribe, when, and what for. And we've got to get it in a hurry, too, because the new trial is coming on in less than a month. Have you got any money?"

I didn't have enough to be worth mentioning. He drew a pink pad to him, wrote out an order on the cashier for \$50 and handed it to me.

"Get up there right away," he said. "You can get a train every hour on the even hour. Here are some report forms. Write a full report of your doings every day and mail it every evening. Don't forget to make your report cover all your time."

That was how I entered this business. I had been accustomed to seeing things move with businesslike expediency in other offices, but this beat all records. Thirty minutes before I had entered the office inquiring for the chief, I had not seen the chief, had not been questioned; but here I was handed \$50, sent out on what seemed to me like a complicated case of detective work, and being calmly told to get a full confession from a man I knew no more about than about Adam.

"They are just trying me out to see how I act," I thought, as I took the money order. So I said: "All right. When shall I report here again?" "We will let you know," was the answer.

I caught a three o'clock train on the New York Central and took a seat in the smoking car. Across the aisle lolled a tall, lanky, good-natured young fellow whose ticket, stuck in the seat in front of him, showed that he was going to Peeksville, my destination. On the chance that he lived in the town, or knew something about it, I took out my pipe, stuffed it, and began to search ostentatiously for the matches I pretended not to have. I drew his attention first, then said: "You don't happen to have an extra match, do you?"

"Sure," he said, and began to dig. I crossed over and sat down beside him. As I accepted the match and prepared to light my pipe I stuck my ticket in the seat before us, where he could not fail to see it.

"Going to Peeksville, too?" he said, genially.

"Yes," I said, puffing away. "You going there?"

"Yep," he said. "I live there. You don't live there, do you?"

"No," I answered.

"Thought not," said my friend. "I know everybody there. Peeksville is a mighty nice little place." He looked me over. I was prosperous looking.

"Say," he said, "if you're thinking of buying a place up there you want to see Donlin by all means. He's the agent for the best real estate bargains in town. I'm a friend of his, and I know he's right."

Donlin was the man I was after. I pretended to misunderstand the name. "Who? 'Donaldson'?"

"Donlin," he corrected. "Harry Donlin. I'll introduce you to him if you wish when we get up there."

I did my best to get on a friendly basis with my good natured young friend, and by the time we neared our destination I knew that his name was Daley, he knew that mine was Cornell, and we were getting along so well that when we stepped from the train we walked straight across the street to have a friendly glass of beer.

In the barroom we ran into a short, heavy set man, with a nervous, twitching mouth, and restless eyes. He was one of the most worried looking men I have ever seen.

"Ah, hello, Harry!" bawled Daley. "Say, Harry, I want to introduce you to an old friend of mine from Chicago. Mr. Cornell, like to have you meet Mr. Donlin. Mr. Donlin's an old pal of mine, too."

Mr. Donlin's expression relaxed a little when he heard that I was "an old friend of Daley's." It was obviously a relief to him to hear that I was known by one of his "pals," and he showed it by greeting me in a hearty manner, and by insisting on buying drinks. I told him that I might be interested in a house in Peeksville, and he began to treat me with considerable deference. When I left him for the evening he had made an appointment for ten o'clock next morning to make a tour of inspection of the desirable houses for sale in Peeksville.

We drove through the town and looked at half a dozen little houses. I was not particularly impressed with any of them, or at least pretended not to be. There was one that I told Donlin might do—if I decided that the town was to my liking.

For the next two days he spent about half of his time and some of his money proving to me that he was a good fellow, and that the town was full of good fellows. On the second day he was calling me by my first name, and I was reciprocating. He was an easy-going, not over-brilliant Irishman, who apparently was afraid ever to become entirely sober, and who never wanted to be without a congenial companion to talk to. He was plainly living under a great strain.

On the third day a letter from the office directed me to come in to the New York office that evening.

"Go in and see the chief," said the office manager when I reported. The chief was in his private office with my reports on his desk before him.

"Well," he said, without troubling about a greeting, "you're showing considerable speed for a big fellow. I guess you'd better begin to do the crook stall right away. You're from Chicago. You got into a little trouble out there and you had to leave. You are keeping out of sight of the Chicago authorities, and you picked out Peeksville as a likely place to hide in. You understand, don't you?"

"I'm to pose as a crook?"

"Certainly. This man Donlin is a natural blabber, who'll talk if you get close to him. You have got a good start by pretending to be looking for a house. Now, tomorrow you stall about being afraid of going out so much; keep under cover. Stay in your room a lot. Begin to fight shy of the house proposition. Let your man know that you're a little afraid of him. Keep away from him. Make him come to you. Then let him pump it out of you that you're hiding, and that you cleaned up big on a crooked deal in Chicago. We'll have a letter written to you from the Chicago office. Lose this letter where your man will find and read it. And your stall as a crook will make good. And if he begins to show any inclination to tell you his own secrets, at first tell him you don't want to hear them; that you've got troubles enough of your own. Understand? And the next time you come into the office cover your tracks by going through some building with two entrances before coming here."

I went back to Peeksville, and the

Donlin took me buggy riding to look

some sort of trouble, and that I was in Peeksville for the purpose of keeping out of sight. The last words he said were:

"Don't worry, old man. We're your friends. The bunch here is right."

Two days later the fake letter came to me from the Chicago office. It was mailed in a plain envelope and professed to come from my brother.

It read:

"Dear Dave:

"I have been talking with Mr. Grimmer, and you are mistaken in believing that he only wants to hurt you; all that he cares about is getting his money back. I told him that he could take his choice, either go on and stir up a lot of noise and discredit you here forever, and get no money back, or else get his money and keep quiet. He said: 'Give me my money; that's all I care about.' I then told him that he was mistaken when he said the amount you had got was \$38,000. I said that you had got less than \$25,000, and that in moving around the country you had spent \$3,000, so all you had was about \$22,000. He didn't believe it, but he is so greedy for money that he agreed to drop everything, and sign a paper clearing you if he gets back \$22,000."

"Now, I think that was a pretty fine piece of business on my part, and that it is the best thing you can do. Even if you go into court and fight him and show him up for what he is, he is going to show you up, and you'll be ruined if he does. If you return \$22,000 you clean up \$16,000; which will help some. My advice is that you do this. At all events let me know at once what you are going to do."

"Don't forget to burn this."

"Your brother,

"FRED."

Donlin took me buggy riding to look

ting kind of tired of this place myself. What do you say?"

"I'll go you," he said. "I don't care where I go. Damn it. A fellow can't get into more trouble when things aren't right at home than he knows how to handle. If she was the kind of woman you could tell things to—"

"Don't talk to me about that, Harry."

I interrupted. "I'm the one who knows what that means. To be frank, that's why I left Chicago, because things weren't right at home."

"Yes, but take my case here," he protested. "I—"

"I don't want to hear your troubles."

I said. "I've got all I can do to hold down my own. Let's go down to New York on the next train and hang around there today and go up the river on the night boat."

"Come on," he said.

Had I given him a chance to talk he might have spouted out his whole story on the train going down to the city. That was all that was troubling him; he needed somebody to whom he could tell the story of his crime.

But I kept interrupting and leading the conversation away to other subjects. As soon as we reached New York I made a pretext of calling up to find at what time the boats left, and called up the office and told the whole situation.

"Well," said the manager in a casual sort of way, "we ought to get him tonight on the boat. I'll reserve a stateroom for you on the C. W. Morse, of the Hudson Line. You just hold your man off until you get him in there, and then get him to talk. That's all you need to trouble about. We'll do the rest. You get your boat at 6:30 at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street, and when you enter your stateroom take off your hat and wipe your forehead so our men will have a spot

on you and know that everything is all right."

I came out and told Donlin that I had reserved a stateroom for us by phone. I had no idea of how all this was going to work out, but I followed directions implicitly. The New York American Leaguers were playing Detroit that day, and Donlin being a fan we went to the game. It was my purpose to keep him in a crowd so he would have no temptation to begin his tale of woe until we got on the boat. It seems strange to think of a detective working himself into a sweat to keep his quarry from making a confession, but that is what I did this afternoon. After the game we hurried from the ball grounds to the boat, where, as we entered our room, I removed my hat and wiped my forehead, as per directions. Two young fellows, apparently clerks, had staterooms on either side of ours, but it was not until later that I knew what part they were playing in our programme.

I waited until the boat had cast off before I began the line of talk I had decided upon. I began to curse my luck, my supposed former employer, my alleged brother, my assumed wife, and everybody that I could think of. I played the part of a whimperer to a finish.

"If they'd only stuck by me in the first place," I wailed, "I would never have been in any trouble, and now that I'm in they're throwing me

down. Well, there's one satisfaction. I'll take some of 'em with me when I go down."

"How much?" you get out of it?" demanded Donlin, suddenly.

I looked at him and saw he had read the letter.

"I'll come through with about \$16,000," I said. "But I wouldn't go through this worry again for ten times that much."

"Hell," he growled. "And you're kidding! What would you say to taking a meal?"

"Twenty-five hundred from a dirty bunch of rich crooks and going around with everybody suspecting you of having done it?"

"Say, Cornell," he said, striking the side of his chair. "You think you've been steered up against it and thrown down, but let me tell you that you don't know what a real deal is. Here now, listen to me. I want to tell you this; you've got to listen. Why, darn it, man, you've got to listen. I'll go crazy if I don't tell somebody."

He loosened his collar and went on.

"Here a little over a month ago old man Smythe, our mayor, and Bruley, the commissioner of public works, and the rest of that bunch of high-binders that runs things in Peeksville, got into a mess. They'd tried to get a contractor named Kellner to help them sling the city for \$30,000. He turned on 'em and wouldn't give 'em a chance, and to get even with him they cut down his charge for work on the waterworks contract \$15,000. Well, he comes out and sees them. He's got a cinch case, see, and the best they can hope for is to pack the jury and get a disagreement."

"Old Smythe says, Donlin, you're drawn on the venire for the jury that is going to try this case. We want you on there, you understand; we want to have one of our friends on that jury. We're glad of the chance to have you on because we know you're one of us, and we all want to stick together. We will see that you get on that jury—don't worry about that—and there'll be a little envelope slipped into your pocket as you leave here, and—the worst we want is a disagreement. Understand?"

"How long ago was this?"

"Only a little more than a month ago," he said. "Just three days before the trial—the night of May 23rd. Well, as I was saying, I went out, and when I got home I felt in my pocket, and there was the envelope—with \$25,000 in it."

"Didn't you see them slip the envelope to you?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Bruley slipped it into my pocket and winked and slapped me on the shoulder when he did it. Well, they got me accepted for the jury all right. Then Bruley comes to me and says: 'Say, Donlin, don't forget you're one of us now. You've got to deliver the goods.'

"Well, I delivered the goods, all right. The other eleven men wanted to kill me, but I hung out. 'No judgment,' I said, 'or I'll stay out until Christmas.' I earned that \$25,000 all right—we disagreed. And the other day Mrs. Smythe gives a lawn party and never a word about inviting Mrs. Donlin. Oh, yes, I was one of them all right—when they needed me."

"Pshaw!" I said. "You hung a jury for 'em for twenty-five hundred, and now they're turning you out?"

"Yes. That's the kind they are."

"Pshaw!" I said. "Now let's go and get something to eat. I'm desperately hungry."

I haven't given Donlin's complete conversation here, but only the gist of his confession. But Donlin himself had a complete typewritten report of his talk in the stateroom handed to him in the hotel in Albany two days later. The Chief and the office manager called on him unexpectedly in his room and, handing him a carbon copy of his conversation, asked him if there were any inaccuracies to be corrected in it.

"I guess that's about right," said the Chief casually. "We knew all the time that the reason you hung that jury was to save those fellows, and we knew you weren't doing it for your health; but we wanted to get you to tell us all about it yourself, so we got it when you were talking to your friend on the boat the other night. Now, Donlin, we've got the goods on you," said Burns. "You've got two chances. One is to make us push you in prison for accepting a bribe; the other is to go with us and help us to make those crooks, who paid you, pay our client his \$15,000 without any more lawsuits. What are you going to do; go to jail, or come on our side?"

Donlin was staring at the report in dazed fashion. There it was, every word that he had said, every question that I had asked, down in carbon; and we had been in a locked stateroom while we were talking, and he had been with me ever since. He was dumfounded for a while. Then he expressed the universal curiosity over detective work. He looked up in amazement at the Chief and said:

"Well! How in the devil did you ever do it?"

But it was not the Chief's dispeckled to give away the tricks of the trade. It was not until several days later, when Donlin's confession had frightened the politicians at Peeksville into acknowledging Contractor Kellner's bill in full, that I knew that in each of the staterooms adjoining ours there had been a stenographer with his ear to a dictagraph all the way up the river, and that Donlin literally had made his confession in the hearing of three people.

"That was just a piece of bull-headed luck, wasn't it?" I asked Chief Burns.

"Oh, no," he said. "We had tried five other men on him before you; we were sure to get somebody he would take to and blab his head off. It was only a question of time. Most detective work is."

— and poor Donlin relieved his soul.

next day I stayed in my room. I had my meals sent up and sent a boy out for some magazines to read. I went out for a walk at night, keeping entirely to the dark side streets. The clerk eyed me rather strangely as I returned, and I knew that soon Donlin would hear about my strange conduct.

The next day I did the same thing. In the evening there was a knock at my door.

"Who is it?" I demanded, sharply.

"Donlin," came the answer. "What's the matter, old man? Feeling sick?"

After delaying a moment I opened the door a little, looked out, as if to assure myself that it was Donlin, and let him in. He looked at me curiously.

"You aren't sick, are you?" he said.

"No," I said. "I just stayed in my room, that's all."

He kept looking at me steadily. "Anything gone wrong?" he said.

"Oh, no," I said. "No, I just got tired of showing myself—of running around so much."

I had never had any experience in acting before, but let me say here that such success as I have had as a detective has been due more to the fact that I possess a certain natural talent for playing parts in a way to win the confidence of the man I am after, than anything else. Before Donlin left me that evening he had fully drawn the conclusion that I was in

at another house that afternoon. We were chums by this time. When I left him I managed to slip the letter, without the envelope, into the seat where I had been sitting without being observed.

I never saw or heard of that letter again, but Donlin found it and read it and it did its work, as I discovered later. One day just three weeks after I came to Peeksville, he came up to my room slightly more under the influence of liquor than usual, and told me that he had quarrelled with his wife. And through that I "got" my man. I had won his confidence; he trusted me even before his wife.

"That's been my whole trouble all the time," he said. "My wife won't let me alone. First it's one thing she's nagging about, then another. I'd never been in any trouble if it hadn't been for her. She's always hollering about me not giving her enough money. Well, here a short time ago I had a chance to put one over, and I did—\$25,000 worth. And now she starts asking me where I got the money I'm giving her and begins to bawl me out. I quit. I just walked out, and she'll whistle another tune before I go back."

The truth was that his wife was disgusted over his drinking.

"Skip out for a couple days and let her cool down," I suggested. "I tell you what let's do; let's take a night boat up to Albany and hang around there for a couple of days. I'm get-



— and poor Donlin relieved his soul.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., November 14, 1912.
 CHAS. E. DORWORTH, Ed. & Pub.
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THE VERIEST FOLLY.

We hear rumors of threats from some quarters that Republicans who did not vote for Taft on November 5th will be challenged at the next primaries. This newspaper supported President Taft, but we desire to say now and very frankly that anybody who preaches driving Republicans out of the party preaches party disruption and not party harmony. The American citizen has a right to vote as he sees fit. The recent contest witnessed the Republican party hopelessly divided. Now that the strife is over the chief thought of all Republicans should be to get together. We have no sympathy with threats to challenge Republicans at the primaries. On the contrary, we believe the wisest and most sensible course is to urge all Republicans to return to the party, assuring them in advance such a welcome that they will never know they have been out of the fold. Life is too short for Republicans to walk about with a chip on their shoulder. Blessed be the tie that binds. Some stood in Ohio and some at Armageddon. But that was before November 5th. We stand today on faith in the future. The war is over. The war is over. The only battle to be thought of by Republicans is not that just lost but the one to be captured in the future. Let Republicans never forget that their mission is to fight not Republicans but Democrats. If Republicans will just sit tight and calmly look on they will see the finest kind of a shindy in the Democratic party before very many months.

TRAITORS OR INCOMPETENTS?

During the recent campaign the "Centre Democrat" patted itself on the back as the "only Democratic newspaper in Bellefonte supporting the ENTIRE Democratic ticket." This thrust at the "Democratic Watchman" was regarded by some as suggesting that the "Watchman" was engaged in secretly knifing a part of the Democratic ticket. The "Watchman" claims to be the original Wilson champion in Pennsylvania, so that the implied charge of disloyalty would seem to not include the national candidates. Where, then, did the disloyalty apply? The "Centre Democrat" should be explicit. Was it to Mr. Gleason or to Mr. Foster, or to both? Both failed to carry Centre County. The "Watchman" tosses the responsibility squarely upon the shoulders of Editor Kurtz, chief mogul of the Democratic reorganizers in Centre County. Says the "Watchman":

And then to think that Centre county was "re-organized" within the past year, and polled fewer Democratic votes, at a presidential election than it ever did when its regulars were depended upon to see that the vote was gotten to the polls, kind of gives birth to the thought that a little re-organization, would not be out of place.

What the "Watchman" means, but does not say in so many words, is that the Democratic reorganizers in the county are ludicrously amateurish and hopelessly incompetent and Mr. Gleason and Mr. Foster would not have been defeated in the county had the old Democratic regular bosses been in the saddle. As to the accuracy of this view we, of course, do not attempt to judge.

A fact which speaks for itself is that in Centre County Governor Wilson's vote was 664 less than the combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt; that Young, Republican, for State Treasurer, had 404 more votes than Berry, Democratic; that Powell, Republican, for Auditor General, ran 475 ahead of Cresswell, his Democratic opponent, while Patton, Republican, for Congress, ran 464 ahead of Gleason, Democrat, and Gramley, Republican, defeated Foster, Democrat, for Assembly by 154.

If the "Centre Democrat" believes that the Democratic slump in the county is in part due to Democratic disloyalty anywhere it owes it to both reorganizers and regulars to courageously say so and thereby place the responsibility where it properly belongs. On the other hand, if the "Watchman" is so sure that the reorganizers are a set of political misfits, why not say so in plain English?

IN DOUBT—SO SOON?

His election as President still warm, Governor Wilson is already torn with conflicting emotions over the calling of a special session of Congress to revise the tariff. Apparently his judgment is against such a move. At the same time there is a wild demand by his party leaders that he go ahead and do it. Mr. Wilson apparently fears that any radical change in the tariff would upset business in the country and blight his administration in its very infancy. At the same time he is confronted with the alternative of incurring the hostility of his party leaders if he refuses to follow their judgment. The situation is one which will be followed closely by not only those who voted for Wilson but by others who opposed him because they believed his election was not the best course open. It would seem that the chief exponent of free trade is the first to hesitate in putting in to practice that which he has been preaching. The physician is afraid of his own medicine.

COUNT OFFICIAL VOTE

(Continued from first page)

of this vote went to Wilson and that in other instances was not cast for any candidate. Whether the Republican strength that was not recorded for either Taft or Roosevelt equalled or exceeded the Democratic defection from Wilson is pure guesswork at best and one opinion on the point is as good as another. Purely aside from how one approaches the question of analysis, the fact remains that where the Taft and Roosevelt vote was combined, as was the case for State Treasurer, Auditor General and Congress-at-Large it exceeded the combined Democratic vote by approximately 450, which by some is accepted as a normal Republican majority in the county.

There is really no basis for calculation in any attempt at analysis when it comes to the vote for Gramley and Foster and Assembly. In this instance the personality of the opposing aspirants figured largely in the contest, to say nothing of certain issues helping or injuring one or the other. Gramley was cut by some Republicans opposed to local option, although on the other hand he got some Democratic votes on this same issue. Foster was cut by some of his own party for various reasons. He likewise was helped to a greater or less extent by those Republicans who believed that he would vote against local option. In a contest such as was waged by these two candidates the margin of 154 is just about what might have been expected, and with so many conflicting elements entering into the matter a like plurality either way would not have been surprising, and this regardless of the vote for the remainder of the opposing candidates. In other words, there was nothing like a straight party division as between Gramley and Foster. Had Gramley been on the Bull Moose and Roosevelt Progressive tickets his plurality would have been 628 instead of 154. These two columns carried no local tickets. The combined vote for the two was 474. On the same basis the plurality for Patton for Congress would have been increased from 464 to 938.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers.

J. Frank Smith, C. O. C., to J. M. Cunningham, premises in Bellefonte; \$1315.

A. B. Lee, Sheriff, to W. U. Irwin, 6 tracts in Union and Boggs townships; \$200.

Catherine A. Spotts, et al, to Elery S. Spotts, premises in Union township; \$2100.

County Commissioners to W. C. Reine, tract in Centre County; \$2400.

Agnes Shipley, et baron, to Edwin A. Conrad, lot in Unionville Boro; \$300.

Charles T. Kennedy, et al, to Sarah H. Kennedy, lot in Rush township; \$1.

Emeline Hugg, et baron, to Thomas F. O'Brien, et al, premises in Philipsburg; \$10,000.

Catherine Spotts, et al, to Edna D. Spotts, et al, premises in Unionville; \$1000.

Safe Deposit Trust Company to Harvey H. Wooster, 82 acres in Taylor township; \$200.

Harry H. Wooster, et nx, to Ralph Wooster, 82 acres in Taylor township; \$200.

Sarah J. Krumrine, et baron, to Theodore D. Boal, 13 acres in Harris township; \$1300.

J. E. McDowell, guardian, to George Sweigart, premises in Rush township; \$403.

Etta R. Leathers to Penna. Railroad Company, 2 acres in Howard township; \$1000.

Charles F. Hartsock, et ux, to C. L. Goodling, lot in State College; \$700.

Albert F. C. Hildebrandt to Emma E. Hildebrandt, premises in State College; \$1.

For Sale.

For sale at my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inquire of Samuel Kline on the farm.

F. W. CRIDER,
 Bellefonte, Pa

DEATH OF AGED RESIDENT

Mrs. Nora Brew McClain Passed Away Wednesday Morning in Her 93rd Year.

Mrs. Nora McClain, one of the very oldest residents of Bellefonte and Centre County, died about 2 o'clock Wednesday morning at her late home on Allegheny Street. Had she lived until September 19th, of next year, she would have been 94 years of age. Despite her advanced years she was up and about until perhaps one week before her death. Her passing away was due to no particular ailment but rather to general weakness incident to old age. Funeral services will be held at the Catholic church on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

The death of Mrs. McClain not only removes from the community one of the oldest and most highly respected residents, but it marks the passing away of the last surviving member of her family. For fifty years or more she made her home in the house where she breathed her last. She was born in Ireland on September 19th, 1819, and was a daughter of the late Thaddeus Brew. She was a sister of S. A. and Thomas Brew, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, Mrs. Bridget Nolan, Mrs. Catharine Schnell and Mrs. Ellen Kelly, all of whom preceded her to the grave. With her husband she lived for a time at State College, removing to Bellefonte something over fifty years ago and making this place her home to the time of her death. Surviving her are two sons, James A. McClain, of Spangler, and Frank, at home.

W. Fearon Robb Dead.

Following a brief illness from spinal meningitis, William Fearon Robb, a son of Mrs. Elizabeth Robb, of East High Street, died at 3.20 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon in the Bradlock hospital. It was not until a telegram was received telling of his death that his friends here were aware that he had been so seriously ill. The remains were brought to Bellefonte last night. Funeral services Friday 2 p. m. at the house. Deceased was born on Feb. 11, 1893. He was an industrious and popular young man and for some time past had been employed at Bradlock. Surviving to mourn his passing away are his mother and these brothers and sisters: Arthur, Bradlock; Harry, Pittsburg; Mrs. Harry Miller, Juniata; Mrs. Carrie Graham, Wilkes-Barre; Fred, Detroit; Mrs. Harry Martoff, Bellefonte; and Adeline and Joseph, at home.

James Kimport Dead.

James Kimport, well known in Harris township and a successful Centre County farmer, died about 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning at his late home near Philipsburg. He was aged about 79 years and about two weeks ago suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he never fully rallied. Mr. Kimport never married, residing for many years on the farm with a sister, who preceded him to the grave. He was an uncle of and raised Democratic County Chairman Arthur B. Kimport. Mr. Kimport was a life long Democrat and was at one time the candidate of his party for County Treasurer. He was a son of John and Elizabeth Kimport, and of this family he was the last surviving member. The funeral will be held on Friday morning at 9 o'clock from the late home of the deceased. Interment will be made at the Spruce town cemetery.

Mrs. Martha Gunsallus Dead.

Mrs. Martha Gunsallus died on Tuesday night, last, at 8 o'clock, at the home of her son, Frank, in Liberty township. She was aged 82 years in May, last, and had been ill but a short time prior to her death. Before her marriage she was Miss Martha Linn. She was well known and greatly admired in her home community. A devout christian woman, she was beloved for her many noble qualities. Funeral services will be held on Friday morning at 10 o'clock. Interment will be made in the Baptist cemetery at Blanchard.

4 Yrs. High School Required.

The State Dental Council has decided that students entering dental schools in the fall of 1914 and thereafter must show four years high school training or its equivalent. This action was taken following long consideration of the subject of qualifications. The council also fixed December 11-14 at Philadelphia and Pittsburg as the time and place for the next examinations.

Promotion For Operator.

Edgar H. Hewitt, son, of H. H. Hewitt, of Philipsburg, operator for the P. R. R. Co. at N. tower, near Powellton, has been transferred to Hannah Furnace, which is a promotion.

WAVERY
 means highest quality and true value in
Gasolines Lamp Oils Lubricants
 Direct from our independent refineries for all purposes
 Free—25¢ and back—all about oil
Wavery Oil Works Co.
 PITTSBURGH, PA.

Land of the Automat.

Germany might almost be called "the land of the automat." Automatic devices of all kinds are popular and are used for a thousand purposes. At all postoffices stamps and post cards are sold by automatic machines; at the railway stations platform tickets and suburban tickets are sold by automats; automat restaurants, where one can secure a glass of beer, wine or liquor, a sandwich, square meal, cup of coffee, chocolate, etc., by dropping a coin in the slot, abound everywhere. Every city of 15,000 or 20,000 population and over has from one to several hundred such restaurants. At railway stations automats sell chocolate, candy, picture post cards and even a little kit of "first aid to the injured" containing a few drops of pain killer, bandages, needle, thread, etc. Ten pfennigs in a slot opens the door of toilet compartments, delivering a towel or piece of soap. A coin in a slot obtains a cigar, a tune from a mechanical music box, a pair of shoe strings, a collar button, a visiting card, name plate for suit case, tells one's fortune or weight, etc.—United States Consular Report.

Flowers and Facts.

There is an Indianapolis attorney who is known for his dignity and who rarely indulges in "flowery" oratory in arguing a case. Some years ago, however, he was engaged in a murder case in which the guilt of the prisoner was apparent, and the lawyer's friends advised him to be "flowery" in an effort to appeal to the sentiment of the jurors. So the attorney took his friends' advice.

"Down in the hills of old Kentucky stands a little cottage," he began. "Around the cottage vines are clinging, and in the doorway stands a gray haired mother waiting—"

"As I was saying, down in the hills of old Kentucky stands a little cottage. Around the cottage vines are clinging, and in the doorway stands a gray haired mother waiting—"

The lawyer paused, and his face turned red. "And while she is standing there waiting," he continued, "I guess we might as well discuss the facts in this case."—Indianapolis News.

Street Crowds in Caracas.

One of the features of the city of Caracas, Venezuela, that most strongly impresses a foreigner is the rapidity with which a crowd gathers in the streets. This is best exemplified when some of the many wandering musicians, in whom Caracas abounds, prepare to give an impromptu open air concert. Their first notes no sooner echo through the neighborhood than there gathers to listen a vast throng that almost blocks up the thoroughfare. The cobblers and all the other tenants of the entries, having no doors to open or stairs to descend, are on the spot almost instantly. They eagerly drink in the music, but at the same time bear a wary eye upon the hats of the musicians and no sooner do they observe the slightest indication that one is about to be taken off for the purpose of taking up a collection by passing it around among the crowd than they disappear even more quickly than they came.

An Offended Painter.

Here is a story of Whistler's trancelike treatment of Lady Meux, of whom he painted three portraits. It is told in Thomas Way's "Memoirs of Whistler."

"In view of the number of sittings Whistler wanted and his severe treatment of his models, I think it enormously to the credit of Lady Meux that she should have continued through two and started on the third portrait in which she was painted wearing a mantle of Russian sables. There was a story that, being one day not up to the mark, she sent her maid to stand for her, dressed in the sables. This so offended Whistler that promptly the maid's face appeared in place of that of the mistress, and, if the picture still exists, there it probably remains."

Historic Pharsalia.

It was on his way to the battlefield of Pharsalia that Caesar uttered the famous saying to the fishermen. He had come down to Brindisi to cross to Dyrrachium and, finding no galley, commanded the owner of a small sailing boat to put him across the Adriatic. On the voyage a violent storm occurred, and even the experienced mariners were terrified. But the great captain said: "Have no fear. You carry Caesar and his fortunes."

Real Hard Luck.

A fat Frenchman despairingly says, "I am so fat that I pray for a disappointment to make me thin, but no sooner does the disappointment come than the joy at the prospect of getting thin makes me fatter than ever."—London Tit-Bits.

Deftly Turned.

"This isn't like the bread mother makes," said the young married man. "So you are going to start that, are you?" "I was merely congratulating you. Mother never was a very good bread-maker."—Washington Star.

The Explanation.

Autoist—I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my machine in all the ten months I've had it. Friend—So the man who did the repairs told me.—Boston Transcript.

A Mean Hint.

"If I really loved a man I would willingly die for him." "Since you're turning so gray, I don't wonder you're willing to dye for any body."—Exchange.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

The Woman Makes the Home

She makes it best who, looking after the culinary department, turns her back resolutely upon unhealthful, or even suspicious, food accessories. She is economical; she knows that true economy does not consist in the use of inferior meat, flour, or baking powder. She is an earnest advocate of home made, home baked food, and has proved the truth of the statements of the experts that the best cooking in the world today is done with Royal Baking Powder.

TEDDY'S POLICY PRUNED

Accident Insurance Company Reduced it From \$100,000 to \$25,000.

Col. Roosevelt stands to receive \$125 a week for the period during which he was incapacitated by reason of his wound. Very likely Mr. Roosevelt doesn't know just how well off he is, since it was the Outlook, of which he is contributing editor, that took out the accident insurance policy on which the payments will be made.

The fact that the Outlook took out a \$25,000 policy for Col. Roosevelt, good for \$125 a week in case the holder was laid up, doesn't mean that is the sum at which the Outlook values the services of its contributing editor. Very early in the campaign and before the Progressive party was born that publication got an accident policy of \$100,000 for Mr. Roosevelt. If the company in which Mr. Roosevelt was insured at that time hadn't found that it was impossible to reinsure a risk on so active a politician there would have been \$500 a week due Mr. Roosevelt for the period during which he was laid up. It could not be learned definitely what company saved money by deciding that the Progressive leader was a poor risk.

When asked about the matter W. B. Howland of the Outlook gave out the following statement:

"The facts relative to the accident policy for Mr. Roosevelt are very simple. On April 20, 1912, on its own responsibility, but with the purpose of protecting Mr. Roosevelt and his family, the Outlook took out an accident policy of \$100,000 for Mr. Roosevelt, paying the premium for one year. On the 2d of May the full premium was returned by the company and the policy was cancelled by the company in accordance with the provision recorded in the policy itself. "The reason for cancellation stated by the company was that they found it impracticable to reinsure the risk, as is customary in policies of this size. A little later, namely on June 14, 1912, a policy of \$25,000 was issued by the Casualty Company of America, which policy is still in force. No indemnity has so far been paid."

E. W. DeLeon, president of the Casualty Company of America, said it was contrary to the custom of his company to discuss insurance matters where a client was concerned. He would say nothing about what payments would be made to Col. Roosevelt and would only say that in accident policies insurance of \$25,000 meant a payment of \$125 a week when the holder was kept from his occupation by reason of an accident. Whether or not a bullet wound received in an attack by an assassin was classed as an accident Mr. De Leon would not say.

Since the Outlook statement says that no indemnity has been paid it is supposed that no decision has been reached as to just how long Mr. Roosevelt was kept from his work by the bullet wound. Some curiosity has been expressed as to whether or not Mr. Roosevelt might be considered to be at work again when he made his speech in Madison Square Garden on October 30. Col. Roosevelt has frequently described himself as a "journalist" employed by the Outlook and it has been suggested that from an insurance point of view he might be considered as incapacitated until he was able to resume his editorial duties.

Insurance men were not surprised at the statement that the company in which the Outlook insured Mr. Roosevelt for \$100,000 was unable to reinsure the risk. They said that there had been a marked objection to insuring public men ever since the beginning of the casualty insurance business. It was the "assassination hazard," they said, that made it hard for men leading political movements to get accident insurance. It is

said that several years ago a Hartford company refused to issue a policy for \$50,000 on Mr. Roosevelt and that neither President Garfield nor President McKinley was able to secure accident policies. Mayer Gaynor, it is said, did not carry an accident policy at the time he was shot.

The automobile hazard, frequency of train wrecks and other dangers incident to the day have caused the accident insurance companies to become reluctant to accept risks involving large payments in case of death or loss of limb. Many of the large companies writing such policies which usually pay indemnity at the rate of \$3 for every \$1,000, are said to have had difficulty in reinsuring large risks since the Titanic disaster.

Opera House Program.

Following is the program at the Garman Opera House for the next ten days: Thursday, Nov. 14, "The Fortune Hunter."

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15 and 16, The great Kinemacolor feature films; 5 reels of over 5000 feet; takes almost 2 hours to show. First showing of Kinemacolor work in Bellefonte. Begins 7 p. m. Admission 5c.

Monday, Nov. 18, and continuing all next week, the famous Y. L. Tempest Dramatic Co. First appearance in Bellefonte. Prices for entire week, 10, 15 & 20c. Matinee Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2.30 p. m. Admission 10c.—Advt.

Annual Charity Ball.

Charity Ball! Charity Ball! November 14, at Armory Hall!

Bellefonte is known for her fine dances, but this Barn Dance will outdo by far all other successful dances, in its decorations, beauty, pleasure, music and dancing.

The Peasant costume is not obliging, but all who join in the grand march must wear a mask, whether in costume or not. 75 cents a ticket slips easily from the purse to swell a fund to relieve the suffering.

Married at Cumberland.

Miss Carrie Conser and David Dixon, two popular and well known young residents of Sandy Ridge, gave their friends a most agreeable surprise one day last week by quietly slipping away to Cumberland, Md., where they were married. The bride is a daughter of W. E. Conser, the capable agent for the Pennsylvania Railroad at Sandy Ridge. She is qualified in every way to grace her new home. Like the groom, she has a host of friends who extend congratulations and best wishes.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL) A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.—Advt.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store. Eggs, per dozen..... 32 Butter, per pound..... 30

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Green & Co. Wheat, white or mixed..... 36 Wheat, red..... 35 Corn, shelled (per bu.)..... 70 Corn, ears, (per bu.)..... 70 Oats, (per bu.)..... 40 Rye, (per bu.)..... 40 Barley, (per bu.)..... 40 Buckwheat, (per bu.)..... 30

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Mrs. Stanley Berger, of Coal Center, Pa., is at present visiting her relatives in this place.

Frank Strunk, who was taken to the Bellefonte Hospital last week, is in a serious condition. The doctor amputated his limb about five inches above the knee, and no one is allowed any interview with him on account of his condition.

Rev. M. J. Snyder is in York this week, looking after the affairs of his brother, who died there recently.

Eugene M. Fletcher, of Philadelphia, is home at present and is enjoying himself by hunting for the much-sought-for rabbit.

Miss Katharine McNerny, of Lock Haven, visited several days last week at the home of Mrs. T. J. McCallion.

Dr. Reynolds, of Williamsport, relief doctor for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was in this place on Monday looking after some of their employees.

Mr. Morgan, agent for the Cortright Metal Roofing Company, was in town on Monday looking after their interests.

Squire J. L. Holter was a business visitor to Bellefonte on Saturday last week.

Jason B. Snyder made a quick business trip to Eagleville on Saturday last.

Peter Robb, a brother to Mrs. Mary Wetzel, who has not been in this locality for twenty-seven years, arrived here this week and will make his future home with his sister.

Rev. Mr. Zechman, of Berks county, preached a sermon in the Reformed church on Sunday evening.

Mr. Johnston, walking-boss for A. L. Anderson & Bros., visited in Altoona on Saturday.

Mrs. Charles Anderson and children, of Altoona, are visiting this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, on East Main Street.

After an interval of several weeks, the Howard High School held their second literary meeting on Friday night, which was attended by a fair-sized audience. The exercises were mostly in the hands of the Juniors, and they are to be congratulated upon their first attempt at handling matters alone. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the Negro has more cause for complaint against the white man than the Indian." The affirmative side was upheld by Miriam Lucas, Dorothy Weber, Anna Boone and Nevin Yearick, while on the negative side were Hilda Wagner, Mary Ziegler, Mary Richner and Doyle Yearick. The decision of the judges was given in favor of the affirmative side. The Journal, which was called "High School Democrat," was humorous to many. The next literary exercises will probably be given in two weeks.

About 12 teachers left on Monday for Bellefonte, where they will be instructed in the county institute being held there this week.

Mrs. J. H. Wagner was a Bellefonte visitor on Tuesday.

Mrs. Bertha Hoffman shopped in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Mrs. Anna Harvey and Miss Nan Lucas visited with friends in Beech Creek on Tuesday.

Mrs. Rumberger, of Renovo, visited with friends here between trains one day this week.

Misses Adeline Olewine and Mary Kline, of Bellefonte, were over-Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Marlin Miner.

William Fletcher, of Eaglesmere, arrived here on Tuesday for his annual hunting trip for deer.

Misses Dorothy Weber and Rebecca Lucas visited in Bellefonte on Wednesday.

Miss Mary Homan, of State College, and Miss Mabel Long, of Spring Mills, were over-Sunday guests of Miss Lulu Schenck.

Fred Fields, civil engineer for the railroad company, returned on Tuesday from Buffalo, where he was a patient in the hospital for several weeks.

Miss Florence Confer and sister, Pearl, attended Institute at Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Charles Conter and brothers, Robert and Albert, who are employed at Buffalo, came home on Tuesday to hunt.

Lemont.

There are quite a number attending teacher's institute this week.

Miss Margaret Coble, who was married to Malcolm Waite, of Pittsford, in Altoona last Friday, is a popular Lemont girl. Her friends wish her much happiness.

Boyd Williams is clerking in Elmer C. Ross' store.

Maggie Weaver was greatly surprised last Friday evening when quite a number of her friends gathered at her home to help celebrate her birthday.

There will be a love feast held in the M. E. church Sunday, Nov. 17, at 9:30 o'clock, followed by preaching services and communion. The subject of the morning service will be "Regeneration." This will start the protracted meeting.

Blanchard.

Chauncey DeLong is home recuperating from his recent illness. He recently underwent an operation in the Jefferson hospital in Philadelphia.

John Williams, Charles Kunes and Alexander Heverley, who were painfully injured in an explosion at Ford Run several weeks ago, are back home and resting up.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Spangler, of Berwick, were here last week for the funeral of the former's father, the late Samuel Spangler.

Mrs. Mick and daughter, of Jersey Shore, were entertained over Sunday at the D. B. Kunes home.

Pine Grove Mills.

Ira L. Burwell is on the sick list.

Jasper Rishel, wife and family spent Sunday at the Curt Meyers home.

Mrs. Maggie Gates, of Latrobe, is visiting old friends and neighbors hereabouts.

Mrs. Sallie Musser, of Bellefonte, was an over-Sunday visitor at the home of her youth, the Dr. G. H. Woods home, on Main Street.

J. J. Tressler's new house is now ready for the painters.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Thomas, of Ohio, are visiting friends in the old Keystone State.

The nimrods are all in readiness for their various camps on old Tussey mountain. The Kepler crew camp at Shalls Gap. The Roosevelt club will be at Hunters Springs, with Joe Meyers in charge. The Fleet Foot crew go to camp near Sandy Kribbs. The Rileys go to the old camp site in the Bear Meadows. The State College Gun Club will anchor at the Kettle. The Modocks will quarter at their old place, the Ross quarters.

David Porter Henderson, of Spruce Creek, spent last week with his son, Charley, at Guyer.

Will Bortoff enjoyed a Sunday drive down Penns valley.

Mrs. Frank Reed is among the sick this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fishburn, of Houserville, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Sheriff A. B. Lee made a business trip along the Branch on Saturday.

Ed. Bowersox, one of the Pennsy's trusted clerks in the Altoona shops, was here visiting relatives during the early part of the week.

About 8 o'clock last Saturday evening the barn of Ed. Johnson, at Pine Croft, Blair County, burned to the ground with all this year's crops, three horses, three cows and several young cattle. The origin of the blaze is a mystery.

H. L. Flanders last week sold his farm to Dr. Coon, who intends making it a banner farm. Mr. Flanders is moving to the Sucker State, where he has relatives.

Mrs. Harry Miller, with her two bright little boys, spent last Wednesday at Grandpa Barto's home.

J. Frank Weiland made a business trip to the Mountain City during the first part of the week.

The venerable Henry McCracken continues very ill.

Dr. Kidder, of Boalsburg, was circulating about here on Monday, taking orders for the new Buick cars.

Lloyd Brooks lost a valuable horse last week, the animal dying from lockjaw. Dr. Philip Frank was in attendance, but his sledge hammer remedy failed to save the horse.

George Seanson, a prosperous farmer on the south side, came near giving the undertaker a job last Friday. His young bull made a charge at him and sent George to the ground and tried to gore him. In some way George managed to catch the bull's ring and thus hold him until his cries for help were heard. The arrival of friends saved him. Fortunately he escaped with no serious injuries.

Mt. Eagle.

Your scribe forgot to mention in his letter last week that on October 30th Mrs. J. R. Pheasant gathered quite a lot of nice ripe tame raspberries.

The Pennsylvania Railroad last week had an agent here paying off damages for lands taken to repair the road bed.

Miss Anna Deitz departed on Saturday morning for Lock Haven and is now enrolled as a nurse in training at the hospital there.

J. F. Deitz, our groceryman, recently distributed a carload of coal among his patrons.

Anderson Bros., the contractors, last Sunday had a big crew of men at work on the upper end of the job distributing the heavy steel rails along the roadbed.

Those on the sick list include Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas, on whom Dr. McIntire, of Howard, called on Sunday; also S. B. Leathers. At this writing they are improving nicely.

Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard, spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Pearl Gates.

While Al. Strickland was butchering on Saturday a pheasant came into his house and took a seat upon the sausage grinder.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Gates, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with the former's mother, Mrs. Martin Gates.

The Mt. Eagle Hunting Club, Jr. will camp on Marsh creek this week and engage in some crack shots. Woe unto the b'ars.

In about a day or two more the big shovel will be through the cut for the third time. They still have one more trip to make.

On Tuesday Will Hebern moved his household goods down to the tool works below Howard.

Well, the school ma'ams are all taking in the Institute at Bellefonte this week.

Charles Herrick (and friend, Raymond Kellogg, of Howard, took dinner with Mrs. J. R. Pheasant on Sunday.

Quite a few of the young ladies from Curtin were in Mt. Eagle on Sunday, taking in the sights and viewing the young men.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Colson were up in Bellefonte between trains on Sunday, looking up old friends.

Typewriter—Remington late model No. 6—like new, only \$25.00 cost \$100. No further use for it. Will ship for trial and pay express. Reference: Box 33, Oakley, Ohio.

Registered Live Stock.

A bulletin giving a list of owners of registered live stock in Pennsylvania together with their addresses and the number of animals owned has been published by the State Department of Agriculture this year in connection with the list of registered stallions which has been issued for several years. In the words of Secretary of Agriculture Critchfield the "purpose of the bulletin is to place such information in the hands of Pennsylvania breeders that they can get what they want without going outside of their own state." The information was secured through assistance by Pedigreed Stock Associations, Agricultural societies and fair associations together with individuals. The list is necessarily not complete, but as a step toward obtaining what has been desired in this state. The summary shows 1,285 registered horses, 14,939 cattle, 4,287 sheep, and 1,671 swine.

"Fortune Hunter" Tonight.

The "Fortune Hunter" comes to Garmann's Opera House tonight, Nov. 14th. It is a breezy American comedy, the sort of a production that sends an audience home feeling as though they would like to help their neighbors. The story tells of a young man who, reared in wealth and luxury with an impractical education, finds himself obliged to work for a living at the death of his father. After many successful attempts he finally accepts the proposition of a mutual friend to go to a small town where eligible men are scarce and win the hand of some girl whose father is wealthy. A set of rules is laid down, and a small Pennsylvania town chosen as the place of action. How he eventually succeeds, how his experience develops hitherto hidden business ability, and how he eventually works out his own reformation and makes a huge success of his life is left for the story to unfold. Prices 25c to \$1; a few at \$1.50.

The Youth's Companion Window Transparency and Calendar for 1913.

The publishers of The Youth's Companion will, as always at this season, present to every subscriber whose subscription (2.00) is paid for 1913, a beautiful souvenir. This year it takes the unique form of a Window Transparency, to be hung in the window or in front of a lighted lamp. Through it the light shines as through the stained glass of a cathedral window, softly illuminating the design—a figure of Autumn laden with fruits; and all around, wreathed in purple clusters of grapes and green foliage, is the circle of the months. It is the most attractive gift ever sent to Companion readers.—Advt.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powder for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Advt.

Dyspepsia is America's curse. Burdock Blood Bitters conquers dyspepsia every time. It drives out impurities, tones the stomach, restores perfect digestion, normal weight, and good cheer.—Advt.

Mrs. T. A. Town, 107 6th St., Watertown, S. D., writes: "My four children are subject to hard colds and I always use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it soon overcame the la grippe. I can always depend upon Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and am sure of good results." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

The Famous Old Willow Ware.

You may know a plate of old willow ware by its decoration. On the right there is a mandarin's country seat. In the foreground there should be a pavilion. In the background an orange tree and to the right a peach tree. The place is inclosed by a fence, and through the estate there should wander a brook, and in this brook there is an island high at the left side, with a cottage on it. Over the brook there is a bridge, and on it there should be three figures. The willow tree, the famous willow tree, is at one end and a gardener's cottage at the other. Two birds are high in the air above the picture. The whole is supposed to tell the romance of the mandarin's daughter, who is one of the figures on the bridge. The others are her lover and the mandarin himself. The birds are turtles doves. Into which the lovers were changed by the gods that they might escape the wrath of Father Mandarin, who had sued them.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, endearing countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said: "Chantrey wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?" "If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands."

Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonmot.

Read "The Republican \$1 a year in advance.

The Strength of a Child.

Medical men assert that, according to well conducted tests, it is shown that the newborn babe is relatively much stronger than a full grown man. The muscles of the forearm are astonishingly vigorous. A few hours after birth a baby suspended by its finger to a stick or to the finger of a grown person can sustain itself in the air for about ten seconds—in the case of particularly strong infants for so long a period as thirty seconds.

When four days old an appreciable increase in the infant's strength may be noticed, and the time during which it can thus sustain itself is about two and one-half minutes for 98 per cent of babies. The maximum is attained in two weeks. Few infants can "hang on" for more than one and one-half minutes, although it is of record that one exceptionally developed child remained suspended for two minutes and thirty-eight seconds by his right hand. After that he continued to hang on with his left for fifteen seconds longer.—Harper's Weekly.

Grouchy After Waterloo.

General Grouchy died May 29, 1847, after battling in vain for thirty years against the legend which held him responsible for the loss of Waterloo. A marquis and a Norman, he yet cast in his fortunes with the revolution, was an object of suspicion in the terror, but soon rose to command as a general officer. In the hundred days he was made a marshal. After Waterloo he withdrew to Paris in good order and proclaimed Napoleon II. Proscribed by the restoration, he found refuge in the United States, but returned to France in 1821. He was restored to his rank as marshal by Louis Philippe and summoned to a seat in the chamber of peers. His son in an uneventful military career was made a general, accompanied his father in his American exile and eventually became a senator of France. Marshal Grouchy passed the greater part of his exile in Philadelphia and after his return to his native land lived at Caen except when his legislative duties called him to Paris.—Exchange.

Catching a Wolf Alive.

One of the favorite sports of a Polish country gentleman is to capture a wolf alive. A wolf being driven into the open, the well mounted horseman pursues it, armed only with a long whip and some rope. The wolf after a time tries to take rest, but the rider forces it on with his whip till, after repeated attempts at rest, it sinks exhausted. The rider then springs from his horse, jumps astride the wolf and holding it by the ears, secures it with the rope. Most men require the assistance of a mounted companion, who ties the wolf while the other holds its ears with both hands, and in this way the capture is comparatively easy, but to do it single handed is a difficult feat. Bites and even dangerous wounds result should the hunter have miscalculated the strength of the animal. No one, however, is considered a perfect sportsman till he has done this, yet many never succeed.

How Cowards Were Punished.

Many of the devices by which military indifference to life has been maintained and sustained are curious. In ancient Athens the public temples were closed to those who refused military service, who deserted their ranks or lost their bucklers, while a law constrained such offenders to sit for three days in the public forum dressed in the garments of a woman. Many a Spartan mother would stab her son who came back alive from a defeat, and such a man, if he escaped his mother, was debarrd not only from public offices, but from marriage, exposed to the blows of all who chose to strike him, compelled to dress in mean clothing and to wear his beard negligently trimmed. In the same way a horse soldier who fled or lost his shield or received a wound in any save the front part of the body was by law prevented from ever afterward appearing in public.

His Method With Tips.

The president of a certain line of coastwise steamers has a novel system of handling the tip evil. He sends on each of his boats every once and so often a detective, who has instructions to go into the dining room, order a large and elaborate repast and hand the waiter a tip of ten cents. If the waiter is silent or surly after receiving this small gratuity his number is promptly reported. It is said that in no place in the world can such a number of smiling waiters be found as in the dining saloons of this particular steamship line.—New York Tribune.

A Happy Household.

"What is this initiative and referendum?" "It's this way. If I want to go anywhere or do anything I take the initiative by mentioning it to my wife. Then she decides whether I can or not. That's the referendum."—Pittsburgh Post.

Due to the Way He Called.

Wife—Broke again! It seems to me you are always short of money. Hub (a poker player)—It is due to the way I was raised. Wife—That's right; blame it on your poor parents.—Boston Transcript.

Out of Fashion.

He—Don't you think Mrs. Mellor had a blessed look? She—Oh, mercy, no! Nothing is cut on the bias now.—Baltimore American.

Jealousy is the greatest of misfortunes and the least pitied by those who cause it.—Rochefoucauld.

REMEMBER
KEEP YOUR EYE
ON THIS SPACE
NEXT WEEK

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Jexall Store

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Boyd E. Hazel,	Madisonburg
Mary Edna Dietrich,	"
Malcolm Waite,	Bellefonte
Margaret Coble,	Lemont
John Hother,	Allport
Julia Fikely,	Phillipsburg
George F. Allen,	Waddle
Ida Confer,	"
Jay Fleming,	Loxi, Ohio
Ada M. Runkle,	Potters Mills
Edward J. Hull,	Bellefonte
Cora E. Owens,	Axe Mann
John Bartos,	Winburn
Elizabeth Hyduck,	Rush Twp.

Miss Sarah Shuey is enjoying a visit with her sister, Miss Anna Shuey, who is a student at Dickinson Seminary, at Carlisle.

Captains and Mrs. Bowie, officers in charge of the local work of the Salvation Army, have moved their living quarters to 114 East High Street.

Mrs. D. H. Hastings and daughter, Miss Sarah, departed on Friday of last week for Harrisburg, where they will spend the winter and where Miss Sarah will be presented to society.

On Thursday of last week Miss Minnie Hastings, of Bellefonte, and Clarence Swartz, of Snow Shoe, were married at Mt. Union. On their return they were given a splendid wedding supper at the home of the bride's mother, at Howard. When they arrived at Snow Shoe they were tended another wedding supper. The bride is well and favorably known in Bellefonte. Mr. Swartz is a clerk in the T. B. Badinger store at Snow Shoe, at which place he and Mrs. Swartz will reside.

Had a vote been taken up at Squire Musser's office on Monday afternoon Taft would have been elected with a whoop. Squire Musser, William T. Fitzgerald and Henry Haupt, the latter from Miesburg, constituted the "Old Guard" present and despite all kinds of figuring they couldn't find a ray of hope in the overwhelming Democratic pluralities. While the council of war was in progress George Fravel, of Snow Shoe, dropped in. The only thing lacking to make the victory for Taft a clincher then and there was the presence of Samuel B. Miller, who vows to continue voting the straight Republican ticket even after Gabriel blows his horn.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—1912 Indian motor cycle; 7-h. p. twin; good condition; price reasonable. Inquire Henry T. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

FOR SALE—Three fine Broncho colts; good size; driven both single and double. Inquire Adam Smith, Humes farm, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—Good rubber-tire top buggy; in first class condition; is almost new. Inquire of Dr. E. S. Dorworth, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—At my Eagleville farm, Chester White brood sows, boars, shoats and pigs. Inquire of Samuel Kline on the farm. F. W. CRIDER, Bellefonte, Pa.

GROCERY FOR SALE—An established grocery store in Bellefonte is for sale. Prospective purchasers who mean business may learn full particulars by inquiring at or communicating with "The Republican" office.

Malcolm Waite, one of the popular and industrious sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Waite, last week most agreeably surprised his Bellefonte friends by informally returning from Pittsford, where he is employed, and proceeding to Lemont met Miss Margaret Coble to whom he was married in Altoona last Friday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Jacobs, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church of Altoona. Mr. and Mrs. Waite remained in Altoona until Sunday morning as guests of an aunt of the latter. On Sunday morning they came to Bellefonte and after spending a short time here with Mr. Waite's parents, proceeded to Pittsford, where they will go to housekeeping. Mr. Waite is a splendid young man and is employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Pittsford. His bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Coble, of Lemont. She is a young lady possessing many pleasing qualities and is admirably fitted to grace the new home over which she will preside. The many friends of the happy young couple extend heartiest congratulations and best wishes.

Last Call For Dinner IN THE DINING CAR

Our "LIVE WIRE" offer expires November 16th.

Telephone calls received up to 9 P. M. Saturday and letters mailed before 9 A. M. Monday will be included under this proposition.

It is only necessary to get your request for an estimate in before the time limit, in order to take advantage of our offer.

Remember, this will be your last chance to have your house wired at cost.

DO IT NOW
BELLEFONTE ELECTRIC CO.

PENNSYLVANIA DAY

Interesting Program at Penn State, Friday, November 22.

Pennsylvania Day has become an important occasion at The Pennsylvania State College, second only to Commencement. It brings together from all parts of the state persons interested in public affairs who want to visit their state college and to inquire intelligently into its work and its needs. Many members of the Senate and House take advantage of this opportunity of examining the institution. Similar celebrations in privately endowed colleges and universities are known as "Founder's Day," in honor of the founder of the institution. In this tax-supported college, founded by the Federal Government and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, founder's day is any day appointed to be celebrated by the people by whom and for whom the college was established.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1912, has been set aside as the date for the celebration this year. The exercises of the day will consist of the dedication of the new Mechanic Arts building; an address by Hon. John C. Bell, Attorney-General of Pennsylvania; who will be introduced by Governor John K. Tener; a review of the regiment of 1200 college cadets by Major General Thomas J. Stewart, Adjutant General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania; an inspection of the buildings, laboratories, shops and campus; and a game of football between the team of the Sophomores and Freshman classes. By this varied program it is hoped to give visitors a glimpse of the life of the nineteenth century students, now enjoying the benefits of an education provided largely by the munificence of the state. Special provision will be made to care for representatives of the press, if notification of arrival is sent in advance.

The members of the various fraternities invite all college Pennsylvanians to attend their hospitality dances on the evening before Pennsylvania Day.

The University (Faculty) Club, located at 139 Frazier Street, offers the freedom of its house to all who receive this invitation to attend the exercises of Pennsylvania Day.

A special train will leave Bellefonte for the college on Thursday evening and another on Friday morning. On Friday a special train will return to Bellefonte in time to connect with the late afternoon trains.

What Constitutes Good Plowing?

There are many ideas and opinions on this subject, all of which may be right under certain conditions and wrong under others. The question of fall or spring plowing may be settled largely by studying the kind and the condition of the soil, the crops to be grown and the convenience of the husbandman, says a contributor to Farm and Home.

Generally speaking, sandy soils should be plowed in the fall and clay soils in the spring. The advantage of fall plowing sandy soil is that the subsoil will remain firmer and the conservation of moisture more effective, particularly if constant cultivation of the surface soil goes on for the purpose of forming a dust mulch.

The advantages of spring plowing clay soil are that it will lay lighter and the movement of soil water through it will be more active. Corn and oats appear to like a soil that is somewhat firm, providing it has a fine, mellow surface. Potatoes and root crops require a deep, mellow soil. Then, fall plowing should be best for the former and spring plowing for the latter. The convenience of the husbandman counts for much. If, by fall plowing certain fields, he can forward the work of spring and thereby make a material gain, he can possibly afford to plow even some clay soils in autumn.

The depth of plowing is another much discussed question. This, too, is somewhat relative. A deep soil must necessarily be more productive than a shallow soil, other things being equal, but suddenly deepening the plowing has often been productive of much harm. A shallow plowing on sandy soils should be the general rule, and changing the depth, together with a gradual deepening, on clay soils.

Next and last, may be considered the kind of furrow to turn. On clay soils and all others fairly adapted to grass and grain the rolling or clashboard furrow is best. It lightens the soil, mixes the organic matter more perfectly blending of the farm manure that may be applied. It leaves a portion of the finer surface soil where the small roots of the germinating seed can the more readily obtain the food. It allows of a better circulation of air and enables the sun's rays to penetrate the ground to better advantage.

On sandy soils, with shallow plowing, the flat furrow is best. The depth of plowing is not carried far enough to bring up any dead, inert matter, and the firm subsoil is better maintained.

Mrs. Mattie Gamill, Chatham Hill, Va., says:—I want to advise all who read this not to be without Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in their homes. My little girl was taken one night with a severe attack of croup, but a few doses promptly given her of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound relieved her and she went quietly to sleep.—Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Poultry House Architecture.

Success in raising and keeping fowls, and particularly in getting winter eggs, depends as much upon the poultry houses as upon the stock, their care and feeding. The three essentials of a good house are that it shall be dry, receive plenty of sunshine and ventilation without drafts. Any house that will provide these things should prove successful, no matter what the form of construction of the design.

The first consideration in building a poultry house is its location, according to Farm and Home. It is important to have well drained soil so that the ground around it will be dry. The buildings should also be located near the dwelling house, for much of the work of caring for the poultry usually devolves on the women members of the family. A sunny location, well sheltered from the north winds, is highly desirable.

Dryness in the house itself is the first essential. Next to actual starvation nothing is sorer to reduce the egg-yield and affect the health of the fowls than dampness in the house. Wet yards mean cold, dirty feet, and this in turn results in dirty eggs and less of them. If the site is not dry, it should be underdrained. In any case the foundation should be high enough above grade to prevent the entrance of surface water. On dry soil a dirt floor may be used, although this becomes foul if not removed and renewed each year. A good double board floor or one of concrete is the best.

Good ventilation is essential, but it must be without drafts. If the building is tight on three sides and overhead with no cracks at the eaves or sill, there will be no difficulty with drafts. If one or more window openings or a part of the front is covered with muslin cloth, it will keep out the wind during the cold weather and at the same time permit a good circulation of air without blowing on the fowls.

Plenty of sunshine in winter and spring is the third essential. This is abundantly provided for in the two-compartment house which can be thrown almost entirely open and the building flooded with light, yet there is not so much glass that it will become very heated in the daytime, and likewise excessively cold at night. At least 50% of the front of the house should consist of openings covered by glass and cloth.

"Tells The Whole Story"

To say that Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is best for children and grown persons and contains no opiates tells only part of the tale. The whole story is that it is the best medicine for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and other affections of the throat, chest and lungs. Stops lagrippe, coughs and has a healing and soothing effect. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, and accept no substitutes.—Sold by C. M. Parrish.

A Primitive Partnership.

There are three partners in a boat in a Yorkshire fishing village who will not accept a check because the bank is too far away. They have two miles to walk to get their money orders cashed. Only one of the three is able to read and write, and he draws the money, and then the three sit at a table and divide it.

"One for you," says the leader, and places a sovereign in front of one partner. "One for thee," and another sovereign is put in front of the other partner. "And one for me," and he places another at his own corner.

And so he goes on, "One for you, one for thee, and one for me," until the sovereigns are equally shared, then the silver and even the pence are divided in the same way.—London Mail.

His First Chance.

A certain railway magnate is anxious to have his young son acquire a working knowledge of husbandry, including the art of earthing, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The other day the youngster had a practical lesson when asked to preside at the table and distribute roast chicken.

He gave his mother a drumstick and the next to his father. Each of the sisters he helped to a wing. And then he sliced up pretty nearly all the breast for himself.

"It's my first chance to get all the white meat I want," he said, "and I'm just going to try how it tastes."

Strange Young Man.

"Didn't I see your daughter with a strange young man last night?"

"You certainly did. When he asked daughter to go with him for some cream he asked her mother to go along and he went home at 10 o'clock with out any hints, and he wears same socks and doesn't seem to think he knows it all. He certainly is a strange young man!"—Houston Post.

Gallant.

"That pea will never come to perfection," remarked a young woman walking through a garden with Sydney Smith.

"Then let me lend perfection to the pea," said he, gallantly offering her his arm.

Where to Get It.

"A simple look is all I crave," said the sentimental young man to the heiress.

"Then you'd better consult your mirror," she replied tartly.

Not Either as Yet.

"Er—I want some sort of a present for a young lady."

"Sweetheart or sister?"

"Er—why, she hasn't said which she will be yet."

THE CRUISE OF THE DAWN

It Resulted Differently From What Might Have Been Expected.

By HAROLD WINSTON

I am the son of a fisherman and was brought up on salt water. I loved it, but was ambitious to break away from so simple a life and make something of myself, if not better, at least more prominent. I was twenty-one when, with \$100 in my pocket that I had saved, I went to New York for the purpose of finding a position.

Positions are not to be had in a moment in the metropolis, and the best I could do was to enter my name at the bottom of a list awaiting vacancies. My money was being used up, though I had husbanded my resources, and I became discouraged. Every morning I bought a newspaper and looked over the advertisements to see if a young man of my description was wanted. I finally saw one that met my case, but not for business. It was an advertisement for a skipper for a yacht.

I had seen enough of the crowds of a big city. The continual whirl sickened me. The display of wealth side by side with object misery made me long again for the water, upon which there are no streets, no alleys, no dirt. True, the vehicles on the ocean differ in degree as those on the land. I had been used to nothing better than a fishing boat and was fascinated at the idea of sailing a yacht.

I answered the advertisement, but with no more hope of getting the position than I had of securing any of the clerkships for which I had applied. But I had an advantage in knowing how to sail a boat, while I was entirely ignorant of business. A few days after I mailed my letter I received an invitation to call at a dwelling in the upper part of the city.

I was received by a woman about thirty-five years old. She repelled me from the moment I met her, looking at me critically, as if sizing me up for something besides my marine qualifications. She asked me to state them, however, and I did so. When I told her I had been born and brought up near Bath, Me., I noticed that she pricked up her ears, and when I added that I knew the coast thereabout from Portland to Mount Desert I saw that I had affected her favorably.

She told me that her uncle, with whom she lived and of whom she had the care, was a very old man and an invalid. He had been failing lately, and his physician had advised his getting out into the open. A yacht had been purchased with a view to taking him on a cruise along the New England coast. It was rather late in the season for yachting and she asked me how long it would be safe and comfortable to remain on the water. I replied that if the vessel was not too small and was capable of being heated it might remain in commission till the first of November. After an interview lasting nearly an hour, during which she surprised me by the large salary she would pay—\$250 a month—she dismissed me, saying that when she had decided among those who had applied she would let me know.

One morning when I had about given the matter up I received a note from the lady advising my of my appointment and directing me to get together a crew. I got busy at once, visited the yacht, saw that she needed six men and engaged them. Miss Hurlbert—the lady who engaged me—procured the servants.

We sailed on the day when tourists were returning from their outings. The first of September—and I was directed to coast eastward. The only persons aboard were Miss Hurlbert, Mr. Townsend, the invalid, and the crew and servants. After rounding Nantucket I was directed to steer for Portland, where, on arrival, we put into the harbor and I was directed to go ashore for mail. I brought on letter addressed to Miss Hurlbert which she tore open at once, and its contents affected her perceptibly. She asked me to go down into the cabin with her where there was no one but ourselves—Mr. Townsend kept his stateroom—and when we were alone she said:

"Captain, are you a fighter?" Surprised, I replied by inquiring why she asked such a question. Where upon she told me that her uncle was engaged in a lawsuit in which a fortune was involved. All his property, except his real estate, had been turned into jewels, which were aboard the yacht. The move had been advised by his attorneys on the ground that possession is nine points in the law. She had received a warning from one in her interest that the plaintiff in the suit, a great rascal and a very determined man, had got wind of Mr. Townsend's—or rather Miss Hurlbert's—method of procedure and had fitted out a yacht to follow and take the property by force. Could she depend upon me in the matter?

The affair was not to my liking, and I gave her no immediate reply. She followed up the question by offering me \$5,000 for myself and a thousand dollars for each one of the crew in case her expedition were successful, to be paid whether there was fighting to be done or if the scheme could be handled peacefully. I consulted the crew and they agreed that if I thought the matter involved no rascality they would go in under my command. The deal was made with this proviso.

The contract was no sooner made than Miss Hurlbert gave me a roll of bills and directed me to go ashore and buy arms and ammunition. I bought a cutlass, a repeating rifle and a revolver for each of the crew, including myself, and was fortunate enough to pick up a couple of little two pounder barkers, with ammunition for all. Miss Hurlbert was well pleased when she saw the barkers.

When all was completed Miss Hurlbert directed me to weigh anchor and lose ourselves among the many islands that line the coast of Maine. Since there are several hundred of these in Casco bay alone, embracing but a small fraction of the coast, it seemed to me a very good hiding place.

I now saw the principal reason why I had been engaged. It had been Miss Hurlbert's intention from the first to disappear with the valuables among these islands so effectually that through her attorney, she might make such terms as she desired with the plaintiff in the suit. She had not counted on being followed, but when she found that she would be, being a woman of great determination, she had the nerve to prepare for defense. She flattered me and every member of the crew, treating us all as her equals and constantly sending to the forecabin delicacies from the cabin mess. As for me, she insisted that I should eat at her table, since she would otherwise be obliged to eat alone.

We spent the first two weeks sailing no farther east than Bath than Miss Hurlbert might occasionally run into Portland for letters, but at the end of that time she told me she had been advised that the plaintiff had left Boston, bound east, and she directed me to move on. I asked her if our pursuers had made preparations to fight, and she said she didn't know; she hoped that we should avoid them till the 5th of November had passed. But why she placed stress upon this date she did not tell me.

We heard of a yacht called the Spray, which we suspected to be the one looking for us. Ours was the Dawn. Nearly all yachts but the two had gone out of commission, for by this time it was the 28th of October. On that date we were concealed in a cove in Penobscot bay under trees hanging from a cliff. Had we remained there we would have avoided a meeting with our antagonists. They had tracked us and had sailed past our hiding place when we were pulling out. As soon as we did so they turned about and came for us before the wind.

This was in the morning, and two hours after noon she had out sailed us and was within half a mile of us in open water. Miss Hurlbert came up to me and with a devilish look as I ever saw on any woman's face asked me if I was ready to keep my contract with her. I wished I was out of it, for I had never felt much faith in the justice of her cause, and I feared to be mixed and mix my crew in a violation of the laws. However, I told her that I would stand by her.

"Well, then," she said, "go about and while doing so give her a broadside from the barkers."

I raised a glass to examine our enemy and was astonished to see on the after deck a woman, who appeared to be giving orders like the captain of a battleship. The peculiarity of the situation amazed me. Here were I and my crew serving under a woman while, another was in command of our enemy, and we at least about to engage in an illegal altercation. Nevertheless I obeyed orders, sent a couple of men below to work the guns, and while turning the yacht's nose before the Spray the port gun was fired, and as we swung round the starboard gun followed suit. Neither shot took effect.

Our enemy paid no attention to our messengers, standing right for us.

"To your rifles, men!" shouted Miss Hurlbert.

The men obeyed, though reluctantly, while I stood by, wondering what would happen next. Six rifles were resting on the gunwale of the Dawn while the Spray was advancing head on. A man stood on the latter yacht's bow holding a paper in one hand, a megaphone in the other. Raising the megaphone, he bellored:

"You, on that yacht! You're wanted. I'm the sheriff of—county, Maine."

And holding up the paper he read through the megaphone a warrant for the arrest of Matilda Hurlbert.

That ended the matter for me. I did not propose to resist an arrest, though not knowing whether the warrant and the sheriff were genuine.

"Fire!" cried Miss Hurlbert to the men. They looked at me for instructions and I told them to lower their rifles. The look our employer gave me was something frightful.

"There seem to be but a few persons aboard of her," I said, "and we are seven men, well armed. Let us have a parley."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that Miss Hurlbert was no relation to Mr. Townsend, but a nurse who had got control of him and was trying to get him away where she could marry him. His only child, a daughter, was aware of her object and had been endeavoring to thwart her. Miss Hurlbert had been deceiving me as to her playing a legal game. She was simply trying to get her charge into a position where she could tie him up in wedlock. She dare not go ashore for the purpose, for the police in every port had been given orders by Miss Townsend to arrest her if she appeared. She dare not bring a minister aboard, for this would give her design away to me and her crew.

I proved that I and her crew were not aware of her real scheme, and we escaped prosecution. Miss Hurlbert was sent to prison for abduction. Miss Townsend was so happy at her success that she paid us what her enemy had promised us.

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RECORD CORN CROP.

Greatest Ever Grown by Any Country in History of World.

A corn crop of 3,169,137,000 bushels, or 281,921,000 bushels more than the greatest crop of corn ever grown in any country of the world, is the feature of the country's most remarkable year in history, according to the November crop report of the United States Department of Agriculture.

The report completed the government's preliminary estimates of the nation's principal farm crops. This great crop of corn was worth on November 1 to farmers \$1,850,776,000.

The enormous sum of \$4,171,134,000 represented the farm value on November 1 of the United States crop of corn, hay, wheat, oats, potatoes, barley, flaxseed, rye and buckwheat. With the value of the growing cotton crop and crops of tobacco, rice and apples, the aggregate value of these principal farm products will mount well beyond \$5,000,000,000.

Upon the preliminary estimates of production and prices announced the value of the crops figure out as follows:

Corn, \$1,850,776,000.
Hay, \$854,615,000.
Wheat, \$603,639,000.
Oats, \$476,169,000.
Potatoes, \$188,501,000.
Barley, \$120,845,000.
Flaxseed, \$39,693,000.
Rye, \$24,370,000.
Buckwheat, \$12,526,000.

There was increase in the total value of each of these crops, excepting buckwheat, barley and rye. The increase netted \$515,057,000 over the value of last year's crops.

Record crops of corn, potatoes, flaxseed, oats, barley, rye and hay were harvested this year. The government's official estimates of the value of the various crops and its final estimates of total production will be announced in December.

Guthrie to Handle Plums.

Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, of Stroudsburg, and George W. Guthrie, of Pittsburg, will have charge of the distribution of federal patronage in Pennsylvania during the next four years, Palmer operating in the eastern part of the state and Guthrie in the West. That the recommendations of these two men will be accepted by President Wilson is declared to be certain. A well known Democrat, who saw Gov. Wilson frequently during the campaign, and who has just returned to Washington, is authority for the statement that the two Pennsylvanians will be consulted when the time comes for parcelling out jobs in the Keystone state.

Aside from the presidential postoffices, there are many desirable places in Pennsylvania that come to the victors.

Federal offices subject to presidential appointment in this State carry salaries of more than \$200,000 a year. The Democrats are already looking over the lucrative field, and many of them have picked out places desired by them.

There are 400 presidential postoffices in the State, which include the offices in the large cities and towns. Among the other high salaried places is collector of the port of Philadelphia, three internal revenue collectors, in Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Lancaster Counties; three United States District Attorneys and superintendent of the Mint.

The chief offices that can be filled by the President in Philadelphia those holding them and the salaries attached are: Postmaster, Thomas B. Smith, \$8000; collector of the port, Chester W. Hill, \$8000; assistant treasurer, William H. Gibson, \$5000; superintendent of the Mint, John H. Landis, \$4500; appraiser of the port, Frederick P. Vincent, \$4000; collector of internal revenue, William McCooch, \$4500; United States marshal, John Robinson, \$4000; commissioner of immigration, John J. S. Rodgers, \$4000; chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, Charles A. Schaffner, \$2500; United States District Attorney, John C. Swartley, \$6000; Assistant United States District Attorney, Walter C. Douglass, Jr., \$2250; Assistant United States District Attorney, Jasper Y. Brinton, \$2250.

There are more than 12,000 Federal place holders in Philadelphia, protected by the civil service law. These are in the Customs House, the several arsenals, Mint, League Island and Postoffice. As President Wilson is an advocate of a classified civil service, it is not likely that he will abolish this law to make places for his hungry party men who have been out of patronage 16 years.

May Get Off Lightly.

The Lock Haven Democrat says: Constable W. W. Pettingill has returned home from Buffalo, having delivered Edward A. Raymond, who deserted from the U. S. army, and was apprehended here, by Constable Pettingill and Detective Ellis Myers, to the officers in charge of Port Porter, at Buffalo, which was the nearest army post to Lock Haven. Raymond was taken there on telegraphic orders from the adjutant general's office at Washington, D. C. It is likely that a charge of absence without leave will be preferred against Raymond in place of desertion, as he was attired in his army uniform, when arrested, and was at his home at the time. Furthermore he has served about twelve years in the army, covering three enlistments, which will be a factor in minimizing the penalty to be imposed, which will probably consist of extra picket duty for several months.

REBECCA'S WEAVING

A Story of Little River

By CLARISSA MACKIE

In the weaving shed under the walnut tree, Rebecca Oswald sat with idle hands before the big loom. There was a pungent smell of green walnuts and the peculiar odor of rankly growing hollyhocks that latticed the window with fluted pink cups.

Rebecca's lips were curved in a bitter smile as she dreamed in the mellow gloom of the shed. Her slender form, erect and motionless, was sharply outlined against the light.

Within the shed everything was immaculately clean and fresh with the penetrating odor of cedar shingles. The big loom filled one end of the room with its massive framework, and in the corners were rolls of rag carpet and several baskets filled with bright hued rag strips.

Maria Oswald paused in the doorway, her round eyes peering sharply at her sister's tense profile. "Rebecca, what the land are you doing?" she asked sharply.

Rebecca started and turned her head. "I wasn't doing anything, Maria. I was resting awhile."

The older sister advanced and sat down in a chair near the loom; her keen eyes searched Rebecca's sensitive face and her own reddened with indignation. "I saw Ida Benjamin's boy coming out of the gate. What did he want?" she demanded.

"He brought some rags; his mother wants some mats made—for Edna," said Rebecca quietly.

"Of course you won't make them," protested Maria.

"I must—if I don't, Ida will say its because of Edna marrying Myron." "If that ain't just like Ida Benjamin—the spitefullest critter that ever drew breath! Why didn't she take the rags down to Peterkin?" Suddenly Maria's disturbed countenance became an urbane mask. "Don't you dare cry, Rebecca Oswald," she added fiercely; "she's coming now!"

A shadow darkened the doorway and Ida Benjamin entered. She was a tall, strongly built woman, with colorless hair rolled stiffly away from her hollow skinned face. Cold blue eyes were set unpleasantly close to a prominent nose hooked above a bitter mouth. She carried herself with the proud insolence of one whose weapons are always unsheathed. Ida Benjamin's keenest weapon of attack and defense lay behind the even rows of her false teeth. Now she rustled for ward with an amplitude of starched skirts.

"Busy as a bee, Rebecca. I declare you're always at it, ain't you? I'll take this chair, Maria. You needn't get up." She beamed amiably upon the sisters.

Rebecca removed her foot from the treadle and turned to the newcomer. "Robbie brought the rags, Ida. What color warp do you want?"

"White, I guess. Do you think you can get them done by the 1st of October? They are for Edna's new house and—"

"Why not take them down to Peterkin? He's starving for work, and Rebecca's got all she can do," interpolated Maria acidly.

"I want nobody but Rebecca should touch them," protested Ida Benjamin. "Being Edna's wedding outfit, they are very special, and Rebecca makes such pretty mats."

"Very well, Ida; I can make them. There's plenty of time before the 1st of October. Tell me how you want them made," said Rebecca quietly.

While the two women discussed the making of the rugs—or "mats," as they are called in Little River—Maria arose and silently left the weaving shed.

Alone with Rebecca Oswald, Mrs. Benjamin dropped the ball of rags she had been displaying to the weaver and leaned back in her chair. "Well, Rebecca, I hope you don't hold any hard feeling toward me and Edna," she said, with a malicious smile.

"We never have been intimate friends, Ida; you know that," said Rebecca proudly. "but why do you imagine that I should feel any special enmity toward you now?"

For an instant Ida Benjamin's hollow face reddened; then, as if Rebecca's question offered an opening for which she had long waited, the color left her cheeks hollow and strained, and she spoke coldly and deliberately: "You needn't pretend you don't mind losing Myron White after keeping company with him for five years. Of course he's older than Edna, but the very minute he set eyes on her he lost his heart. You can't blame him, Rebecca; Edna's so young and fresh, and you—and me, too—are not as young as we used to be. There; you needn't red den up and look so proud, Rebecca. You might as well look the truth in the face as to pretend you don't care."

"Have you got anything more to say?" asked Rebecca icily.

Ida Benjamin hesitated. An eager question had burned her tongue for five years. To her coarse grained mind there was no inefficacy in the asking of such a question, but she did shrink from Rebecca's answer. She felt instinctively that Rebecca Oswald would speak nothing but the truth. Her eager ness now found vent in the question.

"Sarah Quigley says that years ago, before I married Jonah Benjamin, he courted you and wanted to marry you."

I told her it wasn't so and that he never appeared to like you, but just the same it spoiled all my mourning for him. I haven't been to the cemetery since she told me that. Did he ask you to marry him?" Ida Benjamin's voice sank to a low tone of bitter anguish, and her harsh face was distorted with an effort for control. She leaned forward, her eyes fixed on Rebecca's face. "That's why you've been so hateful to me the last five years—because you're jealous of that?" asked Rebecca pityingly.

The other woman flared fiercely. "I'm not jealous, not a mite, but I can't have it that way."

Now the power was in Rebecca's hands. She could flay Ida Benjamin's suffering heart with a detailed account of how the defunct Jonah had in his youth wooed her. His doglike devotion, his obstinate refusal to take "no" for an answer, had been a village jest. These facts were weapons in Rebecca's hands. With them she might avenge herself upon this woman who had deprived her of the man she loved and destroyed her happiness through some long cherished jealousy.

Ida Benjamin was waiting for Rebecca's answer, hoping it would be a denial that she might carry forth to found her fellow busybodies, with whom she waged alternate war and peace and in whose midst reputations were won and lost in an hour.

All at once Rebecca seemed to see down into Ida Benjamin's sordid little soul, and a revulsion of feeling swept over her. A strange light came into her eyes as she looked at the woman standing there so curiously subdued and expectant, suffering tortures of jealousy, and she was filled with pity.

Then it was that Rebecca Oswald spoke to her enemy and told her first lie. "Jonah came to see me a few times, Ida, but I guess he got tired of me. I want you to bear in mind he never asked me to marry him." Rebecca was quite pale when she concluded.

The other woman sighed relievedly. Her head went up with her accustomed insolence. "I never believed a word of it, Rebecca. I knew Sarah Quigley was lying. I suppose you're willing to repeat that before her?"

"I think I have said enough," replied Rebecca wearily. The sunshine had faded from the pond, and the shadows seemed reflected in her face.

"I'll have to be going now," Mrs. Benjamin stood in the doorway looking down at the weaver, a curious hesitancy in her harsh voice and a strange expression mingled with the triumph in her hard eyes. It was almost as if she felt sorry for Rebecca Oswald.

When Rebecca was alone she stared through the lattice of hollyhocks with a strange sense of desolation. It had been a hard day. The pressure of humiliation had been strong upon her, and she had suffered. All at once she beat her fists upon the window sill with a little fury of despair. "It isn't fair and just," she sobbed. After awhile she arose and closed the window. Touching the loom with one slender hand, she looked down at the maze of purple warp blurring before her eyes.

"I suppose people's lives are like rag carpets—some plain, some striped and others are just 'bit or miss,' with lots of bright colors. Mine's been in stripes, with lots of gray and black in between for trouble. I guess it has stopped now just as I was beginning a beautiful stripe, thinking all the rest of the carpet was going to be that rosy color. But I've got to keep on weaving. It'll be drab colored for awhile until I get some sense into me." She dashed away the tears and straightened proudly. "I've got to weave those mats for Ida Benjamin. I've got to make them so as to pay me back for telling that lie."

The door flew open with startling suddenness, and Myron White stood there, handsome, black eyed and with black brows meeting in a heavy frown. His attitude was one of mingled shame and defiance.

"Rebecca, Maria was down to the store, and she told me that Ida Benjamin had brought mats for you to make. Where are they—here?" At Rebecca's nod of assent Myron bent down and swept Mrs. Benjamin's bags of rag balls into his arms and deposited them in a wheelbarrow he had left outside the door. Then he came back and faced Rebecca in the gathering gloom of the weaving shed.

"I'm a doggoned fool," he said bitterly. "I've gone and cut myself off from the only woman I ever wanted to marry just because—oh, I've got to tell it so's to do right by you, Rebecca. You know I was getting up courage to ask you to marry me when Ida Benjamin got after me. I don't know what she meant by it, but she said Edna was dying for love of me. Well, what could I do? When Maria told me you was going to weave mats for us I just made up my mind I'd be a man, so I've been and told little Edna all about it—that if you won't have me I don't care whether anybody else does or not. And she was just as glad as I was—said she was planning to elope with Lance Wayland anyway, and she said she hated me and my old rag mats. I can't trust myself to talk to Ida Benjamin, but I'm going to take her rags back. I won't have you making mats for her. I hope you'll forgive me for all the trouble. I guess you never want to see me again." He turned and walked dispiritedly toward the door. "I don't suppose I deserve you should forgive me," he added.

Rebecca's eyes were heavy with unshed tears. She who had patiently taken up the weaving of her drab future suddenly found her weft was rose and gold. All at once her restored happiness found utterance in broken words:

"Myron, I shall never—forgive you— if you go away now."

HELP THE KIDNEYS

Bellefonte Readers Are Learning The Way.

It's the little kidney ills—The lame, weak or aching back—The unnoticed urinary disorders—That lead to dropsy and Bright's disease.

When the kidneys are sick. Help them with Doan's Kidney Pills. A remedy especially for sick kidneys. Doan's have been curing kidney troubles for 75 years.

Endorsed by 50,000 people—endorsed at home.

Proof in a Bellefonte citizen's statement.

Mrs. H. I. Taylor, 70 S. Water St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "We think just as highly of Doan's Kidney Pills today as we did two years ago, when we publicly recommended them. They were procured at Green's Pharmacy, Co. and brought relief from backache and kidney trouble. On several occasions since then we have taken Doan's Kidney Pills and they have always been of the greatest benefit. We recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other kidney sufferers at every opportunity."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.—Advt.

Light Chestnut Crop.

W. B. Sober, of Lewisburg, son of C. K. Sober, who owns the chestnut farm in Irish valley, and who has managed his father's farm since the grove was planted, says that the crop this year won't exceed 2,000 bushels of the nuts, while last year's crop passed the 3,300 bushel mark. The dry weather during the early part of the season is thought to be the cause of the shortage. Very few of the nuts are stolen. During the first few years the great forest of chestnut trees bore nuts, thieving parties were common affairs, but several bloodhounds were procured and were given several successful trials of tracking midnight pickers and very few have the courage to enter the grove now.

Killed by Ensilage Machine.

Henry Wagner, a prominent resident of Whitesboro, near Utica, N. Y., was feeding an ensilage cutter last Friday when he lost his footing and fell within reach of the knives. Before the machine could be stopped his head was cut off.

If You are a Trifle Sensitive.

About the size of your shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Every where, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.—Advt.

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It pays his bills. Instead of carrying money to people, he mails them checks.

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That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

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Which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoting and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

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Harry Keller, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD, On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909, trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.				
WESTWARD.		1	2	3
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Bellefonte	6:30	10:15	2:00	
Coleville	6:35	10:6	2:07	
Morris	6:38	10:6	2:10	
Stevens	6:43	10:11	2:15	
Hunters Park	6:46	10:14	2:18	
Fillmore	6:50	10:18	2:22	
Brilliant	6:55	10:23	2:27	
Waddles	7:00	10:28	2:32	
Krumrine	7:12	10:40	2:44	
State College	7:15	11:10	2:47	
Strubbs	7:17			
Bloomdsford	7:31			
Pine Grove Mills	7:35			

* Daily. * Daily except Sunday. * Stop Sag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD			
	1	2	4
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7:35		3:30
Bloomdsford	7:40		3:35
Strubbs	7:45		3:40
State College	8:00	11:50	3:55
Krumrine	8:07		4:00
Waddles	8:10	1:10	4:03
Brilliant	8:14		4:07
Fillmore	8:18	1:14	4:11
Hunters Park	8:21		4:14
Stevens	8:35		4:40
Morris	8:37		4:42
Coleville	8:40	1:30	4:45
Bellefonte	8:50	1:40	4:50

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 2 and 5 for State College. Trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

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THE DIAMOND BRAND. Radical Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. They are sold by all Druggists. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS. Be sure you get the Right, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Sheriff A. B. Lee was a business visitor to Philipsburg on Tuesday.

Professor and Mrs. J. R. Hughes will go to Princeton tomorrow to witness the big Princeton-Yale football game on Saturday.

Miss Ida Klinger is slowly recovering from her recent attack of pneumonia, much to the gratification of her many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McClure, whose wedding was solemnized a short time ago, returned home on Saturday evening from their honeymoon tour.

Mrs. Adolph Fauble returned home on Saturday from Harrisburg, being accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. William Seel, who will enjoy a brief visit at her parental home.

The first Fall meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association will be held in the High School Building, Tuesday evening, November 19th, at 7.30. Come and bring your question with you.

Harry W. Lonerger, of Bousburg, who very efficiently teaches at Lemont, is among the public school teachers in town this week in attendance upon the annual session of Institute.

Mrs. W. C. Cassidy departed on Wednesday for Philadelphia, where she will visit for two weeks with Mrs. Thomas Moore, while Mr. Moore is off on his annual hunting trip with the Panthers.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Rumberger, of Philipsburg, visited over Sunday with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rumberger, at Unionville and this week are in Bellefonte for the annual teachers institute.

Next Sunday the Rev. Dr. Ambrose M. Schmidt will celebrate the eleventh anniversary of his pastorate in Bellefonte. He is anxious that all the members of his congregation shall attend the morning service.

M. I. Gardner was in Clearfield on Tuesday as the official representative of Centre County in tabulating the vote for Congress in the Twenty-first district, which comprises, Centre, Clearfield, Cameron and McKean Counties.

The many friends of Miss Marjorie Richards gave her a miscellaneous shower on Tuesday evening at the Charles McClellan home, on Spring Street. Her marriage to Abner Musser, of Pitsburg, will be solemnized in the near future.

The ladies of the Reformed church will hold one of their popular Thanksgiving Markets in Petriken Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday of Thanksgiving week. Home-made bread, pies, cakes, etc., for sale, also hundreds of aprons.

Miss Annastacia Armor had the misfortune to fall on Saturday at her home on East Linn Street and painfully injure her hip. She was for a time in a critical condition, suffering so much pain that little or nothing could be done for her. She is in her 85th year.

C. B. Friel, of Runville, was a business visitor in town on Saturday and while here favored us with a call. Mr. Friel is employed at Mill Hall. He wasn't one bit disappointed in Wilson's victory, for Mr. Friel happens to be on the Democratic side of the fence.

While out running a line between Boggs township and Snow Shoe, J. Henry Wetzel last week contracted a heavy cold and was compelled to temporarily abandon the job, return home and place himself under the care of a physician.

It takes a good bit to put Charley Taylor, right hand man at the Adams Express office, completely out of business. The big Adams delivery horse did the trick on Monday, however. Taking Charley off his guard the horse gave him a stiff kick and placed him on the retired list for several days.

James Nolan, of Huston, one of the best farmers in the State, and a good friend of "The Republican", was a genial caller at this office last Friday. His mission was to advance his subscription and also to see if there was anything left of the Republican party following the Democratic landslide. Jim is a philosopher. The fact that things didn't go his way hasn't affected his party enthusiasm one bit.

J. W. Pressler, of Millheim, was a welcome caller at this office a few days ago. Mr. Pressler is a Republican and remains loyal to the cause notwithstanding that he is surrounded by Democrats. He was naturally disappointed with the result at the polls, but apparently he is anything but discouraged. Like the rest of us, Mr. Pressler is not bothered about what has happened, but looking forward to the time when the victory will be on the other side.

Edward Butts, a former Bellefonte boy, now residing at Springfield, Mass., and chief engineer for a large paper mill at Holyoke, last week spent several days with old friends in town. It will be recalled that the Butts family resided on Linn Street, in the house now occupied by the Williams family. Ed happened to be on his way to Philadelphia on a business trip and took advantage of the opportunity to stop over in Bellefonte for a few days.

Our good friend, the venerable Reuben T. Lucas, of Howard, honored us with a little social call on Tuesday afternoon. If he lives until February next—and here's hoping that he will—he will be 77 years of age. Advanced years, apparently, make little or no impression on Mr. Lucas, for on Tuesday he came from Howard on the train, stopping off at Milesburg for a call at the Miles home and then walked to Bellefonte to spend a few hours with his sister, Mrs. John Meese. To some age may be a calamity, but to Mr. Lucas it is merely an incident.

What Penn State did to Villanova last Saturday was a caution. The score, 71-0, merely accentuates the superiority of the Penn State football eleven, for Villanova has won this season from some of the best teams in the country. Penn State presented a perfectly working football machine and ground out all kinds of gains. The Penn State team played so fast and faultlessly that Villanova was completely bewildered from the first kickoff and never had a chance to recover. Penn State is shaping up for the annual game with the University of Pittsburgh, at Pittsburgh, on Thanksgiving Day. A number of Bellefonte admirers will go to Pittsburgh for the game.

Evangelistic services will begin at the United Brethren church on Sunday, next.

The regular monthly meeting of the Centre County Medical Association was held yesterday at the Court House.

Hon. P. E. Womelsdorff, of Philipsburg, is among the visiting school directors in town for the annual convention this week.

Mr. and Mrs. U. H. Reamer, for many years residents of Bellefonte but now residing in Williamsport, spent several hours looking up old friends in town on Tuesday.

George Clark, of Waddle, was in town yesterday attending the annual meeting of the Centre County School Directors Association. Mr. Clark is not only a school director in Patton township but also holds the post of constable.

David Woodrow Wilson Fortney is the name of a new Democrat in town. District Attorney and Mrs. D. Paul Fortney are correspondingly happy. The young man arrived on Wednesday morning and was named David in honor of his grandfather, D. F. Fortney.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton, State Vice Regent, is in Harrisburg this week in attendance upon the Sixteenth State Conference of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. John K. Tener, wife of the Governor, entertains today in honor of the visiting delegates.

John N. Fatkin, of State College, who has for some years been engaged in the contracting business, was in town yesterday shaping up a few business matters preparatory to departing about December 1st for Louisiana, where he expects to make his home in the future. His contracting business has been sold to Forrest L. Struble, of State College.

The Gettig-Gentzel hunting party departed on Monday for Three Mile Run, beyond Karthaus, where they will camp for the next two weeks while hunting for deer and bear. In the party were L. H. Gettig, Charlie Stover, E. J. Eckenroth, Ben. Gentzel and Martin Dale. Isaac Miller, who is about as handy with a rifle as he is with the saw and hatchet, expected to go out with the party but was detained at home by a contracting job he happened to have on hand. He will arrange to spend several days at the camp before the close of the deer season.

Miss Isabella Huston, daughter of Dr. R. J. Huston, of Huston, returned home on Tuesday from Chicago. About five weeks ago she departed for what had been planned as a trip to California. When she got as far as Chicago she was taken ill and removed to a hospital, where she was operated on for appendicitis. She is greatly improved but has not fully recovered her strength. On arriving in Bellefonte on Tuesday she was removed from the Pennsylvania Railroad station to the Central Railroad of Penn. station in the Bellefonte hospital ambulance.

A recent issue of the DuBois "Courier," received at "The Republican" office, gives the very interesting announcement of the beginning of operations at that place by the Nopak Brass Manufacturing Company. This is a newly formed company which was organized by J. Howard Lingle to manufacture his patented brass faucets and in which no packing is used. It is explained in the newspaper article in question that the company started operations last Monday with a force of twenty-five men and that this number will probably be doubled in the next month or so. It is also explained that the capital behind the project was raised in DuBois. The company has offices in the Perry Building, in Philadelphia, where Mr. Lingle is in charge. A. J. Vaughn, of Philadelphia, is in charge as foreman at the DuBois shop. Mr. Lingle's old home friends here will rejoice with him that the DuBois operation is now under way and wish for him all the success in the world.

The Panthers, a hunting club composed of Bellefonte sportsmen, will today depart for Huston and establish camp for the next two weeks. For several years the Panthers have camped on Big Run, back of Hays, but this season they will be located several miles off the railroad from Huston. The members of the club will go in chiefly for small game, instead of devoting their attention wholly to deer and bear. Striking out along about 4.30 in the morning after deer became too strenuous for some of the members and in order to get more pleasure out of the annual hunting trip it was decided to go after small game. The hunting party will include John L. Kniseley, John McGinley, Linn McGinley, George Weaver, W. C. Cassidy, Harry Gerlich, Edmund Blanchard, J. M. Cunningham, Henry Kline and Thomas Moore, the last named being from Philadelphia. K. S. Brouse will probably spend several days at the camp. Lew Wallace will be with the hunters if the condition of his mother, who has been very ill, will permit. The club will entertain a number of guests while in camp.

Pretty nearly every football game has a number of lucky "breaks," and these some times determine the victory, especially if the opposing teams are evenly matched. Last Saturday the Bellefonte Academy was unfortunate in the matter of "breaks" and lost out to the Indiana State Normal School, at Indiana, 14-0. The Indiana team was undoubtedly the strongest the Academy has met this season, and on a dry field and with luck breaking even the result would probably have been a toss-up. As it was, the game was played on a wet, heavy field. The Indiana boys were farsighted enough to provide extra long cleats for their shoes. It was after 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the Academy eleven arrived at Indiana, an unfortunate delay enroute causing the boys to miss connections at Blairsville junction. The Academy backs were unable to sweep the ends as they have done so often this season, while the Indiana line resisted attack even when the Academy had the ball within 4 yards of the goal line. Such gains as the Academy made were chiefly on forward passes. Indiana scored two touch-downs and a goal from each. While disappointed, the Academy boys appreciated that they had gone down to defeat before a dandy team. Following the game the Academy players were royally entertained at the Indiana Normal. On Saturday, next, the Academy plays Bucknell Academy, at Lewisburg.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

(continued from page 1)

gree on oral reading. He deplored the leaning toward silent reading on the part of so many persons.

At the Tuesday afternoon session J. I. Woodruff, of Susquehanna University, was introduced to take the place of Dr. Fred Mutchler, of Bowling Green, Kentucky, who at the last moment had telegraphed his inability to be present. Mr. Woodruff's subject was "Culture." Culture, he said, comes by association, travel, pictures, etc. The true teacher, he added, makes less need for lawyers, preachers and doctors as age goes on. The teacher should choose his own books and when to read them, said Mr. Woodruff. He concluded by saying that the increased reading of the Bible in the present day is a most hopeful sign. Mr. Shear then took the platform and concluded his discussion of the seven needs to make a successful teacher, as has already been outlined. Before adjournment for the afternoon Dr. King again delighted the teachers, urging them to look upon the brighter side of things. He scored a tremendous hit by reciting James Whitcomb Riley's "The frost is on the pumpkin." He was warmly endorsed and finally responded with another pretty poem.

On Tuesday night Dr. King delivered his famous lecture, "Modern Learns and Macbeths." It was a masterpiece and held the closest attention of all present.

The Wednesday morning devotional services were conducted by Rev. A. F. Weaver, pastor of the Evangelical church. It was announced that the Local Institute for the First district will be held in Millheim, Saturday, January 11th, 1913. Supt. Shear resumed his talk. He referred to the large amount of money devoted to education and deplored the tendency of so many scholars to drop out of school just when they are ready to enter the High School grade.

Dean Holmes, of State College, was the next speaker and he more than delighted his audience. Professor Woodruff talked on "Good Ideals," emphasizing the importance of thorough training in all departments of school work. G. C. Walbert, of the State Chestnut Blight Commission, described briefly that work being done to stamp out the disease. Prof. Woodruff then resumed his talk and when he concluded Dean Holmes again spoke, discussing "Instinct." He stated that all civilization and society are built upon instinct. His address concluded the program for the afternoon session. Last night Dr. John M. Driver, the noted lecturer, had as his subject, "Young America, His Mission." Dr. Driver fully lived up to his reputation, his lecture being one of the finest ever heard in Centre County.

INSTITUTE NOTES.

The several High School principals were addressed on Wednesday morning in the grand jury room by Prof. C. D. Koch, State High School Inspector, and Prof. Thomas I. Mairs, of the Department of Agriculture, State College.

The officers of the Institute are: D. C. Eiters, president; H. C. Rothrock, Port Matilda; D. P. Stapleton, Rebersburg, and S. S. Williams, Blanchard, vice-presidents. Ed. R. Wolf, Wolf's Store, secretary. D. A. Deitrick, Hubersburg; C. E. Royer, Spring Mills, and W. T. Winkleblech, Coburn, enrolling clerks. W. K. Keen, Millheim; T. L. Moore, Centre Hall, and W. C. Thompson, Howard, door keepers. G. E. Arder, Martha Furnace; S. A. Bierley, Rebersburg; W. Scott Holter, Howard, and T. A. Hesterman, Coburn, ushers. J. C. Fox, Fleming, ticket agent.

The several committees of the Institute include the following: Legislation—Jonas E. Wagner, chairman; H. C. Rothrock, J. S. F. Ruthrauff, D. P. Stapleton, S. S. Williams. Necrology—William Duck, chairman; C. H. Barnes, G. W. R. Williams. Resolutions—T. A. Auman, chairman; L. C. Smith, M. T. Zabler.

Prof. P. H. Meyer, of Centre Hall, is directing the music at the several sessions. Miss Helen Bartholomew, of Centre Hall, is pianist.

The enrollment at the opening session on Monday afternoon was 303. A few teachers were detained at home by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weaver, of Pitsburg, are visiting at the R. B. Montgomery home, on East High Street.

Mrs. Charles McHugh, of Pitsburg, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. W. W. Montgomery, on Allegheny Street.

Grant Hoover, the Williamsport insurance man and former Centre Countyman, was greeting old friends in town this week. It will be recalled that year before last Grant had the distinction and rare experience of shooting a white deer. He is planning to go with several friends next week to Larry's creek, in Lycoming county, where they have a luxuriously equipped hunting clubhouse. The Larry's Creek Club has fifty members and owns several thousand acres of land. In a preserve on the land may be found almost every species of deer. The members of the club do no hunting in the preserve. There is an old buck deer that was fenced in several years ago and it is just about an even chance that the old fellow will form the main dish at a big dinner at the clubhouse this year. Two years ago the old buck was court martialled and found guilty. Sentence was suspended. Last year the club members held another trial and again the buck was found guilty. This time he was sentenced to be shot. This season the sentence is likely to be executed, in which event a venison dinner will be a feature at the clubhouse.



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Come in and try on some of these exclusive models. See yourself in them.

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